

MEMORIALS

OF

A DEPARTED FRIEND

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

IN reprinting these Memorials for a more extended circulation, the Family of the Writer are desirous of prefixing a few words by way of caution to the general Reader. The Papers were selected, as stated in the Introduction, from a large number in their possession, as the best means they could think of to embalm the remembrance of the Writer in the minds of her many Friends, and with a hope that what they had found soothing and edifying to themselves, might convey a portion of the same satisfaction to those whom they regarded with affection for her sake. The repeated recommendations of those Friends, and the many applications from others, entire strangers to the Writer, into whose hands the Papers happened to come, have prevailed upon the Family to give up their aversion

to a more public inspection of thoughts and feelings, which, from their personal and domestic character, seem at first sight to shrink from it. They are, therefore, now published, with a very slight change, as they were first printed for private distribution, on grounds of general usefulness, to give them a larger opportunity of doing good. As the most cursory perusal will convince the Reader that they were never designed by the Writer for publication, so her Family trust that they will be taken for what they are, reflections which rise habitually to the mind of a serious and thoughtful Person, not as deliberate and systematic exhibitions of truths and doctrines, supposed worthy to be offered for general instruction.

February, 1835.



INTRODUCTION.

THE excellent Person from whose Papers these MEMORIALS are selected, as an acceptable token of remembrance to her many surviving Friends, was in the habit, from an early period of life, of writing down her observations and reflections on various subjects. This habit, advantageous in many ways to the Writer, becomes most valuable to her Family, by affording the best substitute for the presence and society of one, who, when with them, could not easily be too highly prized, and being gone, cannot be too much or too thankfully remembered.

It will be observed, that the papers are generally of a religious and serious cast. Such was the usual tenor of her thoughts; joined however with an evenness of spirits and liveliness of conversation which diffused a feeling of light and cheerfulness to those who shared in her society. If read continuously, and by persons unacquainted with the Writer, they may perhaps be thought to present too little of novelty and excitement. This however will make them more acceptable to those, who are disposed to think that a religious course, when consistent, is uniform, and religious feelings most likely to be

lasting when sober. To her Friends, who knowing her intimately, know how truly her life is represented in her words, even the most common and familiar observations whencesoever they may seem suggested, will come with the effect of independent thought judging for itself, and speaking from its own convictions. The Arranger of these Papers is willing to believe, that if read with any portion of the spirit in which they were written, they will present to others, as they do to himself, such a transcript of habitual, unaffected, rejoicing love of God,—of thankful trust in the merits of her Saviour,—of active, rational good-will to men,—and of humble watchful jealousy of her own heart, expressed with such soberness and sincerity,—as will afford to her Friends something more than a token of remembrance,—a practical example of a calm and progressive religious life, an incitement and encouragement to imitation.

The Papers, it will be seen. are arranged according to the order of time in which they were written. This seemed the best method of marking the increased impressions of Faith and Hope, which strengthened the more, the nearer she approached to her reward.

C. D.

NASING,
March 10, 1833.

Dec. 23, 1806.—A meek and humble habit of mind does more towards smoothing our path through life, than the most prosperous course of events : like every other precept of God, it cannot be practised without impressing a sense and feeling of its propriety.

Sunday, Dec. 28.—We differ very much from one another, in our notions of pleasure. I am disposed to quarrel with every thing called pleasure, which trespasses on the comfort of the next day, and leaves us with less activity and less energy for our usual employments.

Dec. 31.—Proverbs iii. 6. “In all thy ways acknowledge God, and he will not depart from thy paths.” It is possible to have such an habitual love and fear of God, that he may always be present to our thoughts ; and the effect will be, to increase all our innocent pleasures, and to preserve us from all that are not innocent—to fill us with joy and gratitude for all the blessings we receive from Him, to teach us to dispense all such blessings as are within our power to those around us—to instruct us, that our benevolent Father is ever watchful for our good, and can produce to

us lasting benefits as surely out of present suffering as out of present pleasure.

Jan. 2, 1807.—It must happen to every body who is in the habit of devoting some hours of every day to rational employment, to be occasionally called upon to sacrifice that time to more trifling avocations, for the sake of obliging a friend or falling in with the customs of society ; and if we consider the subject justly, we shall find that as much moral improvement is to be gained by thus complying with the wishes of others, as we could obtain from books, or any other source of knowledge.

Jan. 26.—Some hours of retirement are good for us all, in every day. When alone, we examine our hearts, consider our actions, how far they are conformable with the precepts enjoined us, what has been our progress in virtue, and what are our faults that most need correction. In society, we practise the virtues which we acquire in solitude. So that retirement and society are alternately necessary to us.

April 29.—Much oppressed with thought and

care, as to the new duties I am going to undertake, and with fears which, if I suffer them to continue, will of themselves disable me ; I formed therefore a vigorous resolution to dismiss them ; for I have a full conviction that in taking this step I do what my heart approves, and therefore have no doubt but I shall do my *best*, and however that may fall short of what ought to be done, heavenly aid will not be wanting to assist my weak endeavours. In God's mercy do I trust ; to Him do I address my humble and earnest prayers, before Him I acknowledge all the weakness and sinfulness of my nature, and to Him only do I look for help to enable me to act uprightly and conscientiously through life, with more care and more zeal for the good of others than for my own selfish interests, in every thing endeavouring to promote the temporal and eternal good of the family I am entering into. I know that hitherto I have been a very thoughtless being ; I know that character will not become me now, but the new duties I am entering upon will require much consideration for others : all this I mean to fulfil to the best of my power ; and if I set about it in pureness and singleness of heart, I may hope for the protection of God's Holy Spirit, which is the only protection that

can avail me. I know that hitherto my best and keener pleasures have arisen from devotion, and I trust it will be so to the end of my life.

H———, May 8

O God, merciful Father, who graciously acceptest the prayer of humble and penitent sinners, inspire me with that meekness and that humility which can alone make me worthy to appear in thy sight. I acknowledge, O God, the weakness and sinfulness of my nature, I feel my own incapacity, and I approach Thee with contrition and sorrow, to pray for pardon of what is past, and assistance to preserve me from error in future. More than ever do I need thy heavenly aid ; for I am going to take upon me new duties, which require much thought and much care, and more strength and more sense than I possess · but thou, O God, givest strength to the weak and sense to the simple, if they seek it earnestly and heartily. We are formed weak and erring creatures, but thou hast given us such a guide and such light in thy Holy Gospel, that we can never be really at a loss how to direct our conduct, if we seek for information there. Thou settest no bounds to our improvement in morality and virtue, and this is a fearful idea :

we are free agents in thy hand, and may do that we will, consequently, shall be responsible to Thee for the good we omit, as well as for the faults of which we are guilty. Our abode on this earth is but for an appointed time, our joys and our sorrows here are transitory, consequently the events of this life should not be of importance to us, except as they tend to advance or retard our progress towards heaven. The step I am now about to take, will, I trust, lead me to Thee. I have chosen for my companion through life, one whom I know to be sincere in his religion, devout towards Thee, and benevolent to his fellow-creatures. Most heartily, then, do I pray for thy mercy towards him, and all that belong to him ; and grant, O God, that I may prove a blessing to him and to his family. Make me every day to improve in virtue and true humility, to study thy holy law with purity and sincerity of heart—ever to keep in mind the example of thy blessed Son our Saviour—and finally to obtain everlasting life through the merits of the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

London, Dec. 2.

O GOD, whose blessings are daily and regular, to Thee should we offer up daily and devout

thanks ; accept, then, our offering of praise and thanksgiving, and grant that it may be so addressed as to prove worthy of Thee. Make us duly sensible of thy goodness and our weakness, of our dependence upon Thee, of our hope in Thee, and of the important consequences that attend our fulfilling our duty in the manner Thou hast enjoined. Make us to feel pleasure in obeying thy law, and pain in every deviation from it. Grant that we may ever feel comfort and satisfaction in offering up our services, and relief in confessing our errors, and may those feelings remain with us at all seasons, and influence all our actions. Though we love each other beyond all earthly objects, may that love ever be subordinate to what we owe to Thee ; may we ever remember that we are thy creatures, the work of thy hands, formed to obey Thee on earth and worship Thee in heaven. May the sense of this high and great design never depart from us. but keep us in love and obedience to Thee, and to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, through whose merits and in whose words Thou hast taught us thus to pray : “ Our Father,” &c.

Dec. 30.—We are both summing up the year

with mutual satisfaction. I feel myself the happiest woman alive, because I am his ; at the same time I value his esteem as much as his love, and could as little bear to lose ground in one as the other ; therefore I must be very assiduous in my endeavours to deserve both. I love him for his real worth as much as for his affection to me, and I hope we shall exhort each other to an improvement in all good things. We are both candidates for another and more lasting world than the present, and can neither of us know real happiness but as we advance in virtue and in our progress towards heaven. We are in the enjoyment of much felicity, and it is therefore peculiarly incumbent on us to endeavour to add to the comfort and happiness of others. His children are all kind and indulgent to me, and I hope to increase their happiness as they do mine.

Jan. 12, 1808.—I recollected to-day why I am happier than ever I was before—I have no occupation but what my heart approves.

April 17.—I should be sorry to think I could go through the service of the past week (Passion Week) without improving by it. I do not think

I have been altogether so attentive as I could wish, but as every return of this season lays before us the death and sufferings of our Saviour, his humility, his benevolence, his inimitable goodness, I hope to make fresh and more vigorous efforts to resemble Him. We cannot feel and admire his conduct, without attempting to act thus ourselves; we cannot harbour petty resentments, when we see Him forgiving the greatest injuries; we cannot refuse the slender assistance it is in our power to render our fellow creatures, when we see that his whole life was devoted to the succour of human nature. O God, grant that I may feel these things as I ought to do, and every day improve in virtue and true holiness.

Dec. 31.—Here ends the year 1808, and perhaps no human being has spent it more happily than myself; may I, then, be as grateful as I ought! Whether I shall live to see the return of this day, is known to God only; but it is in my power to make sure of an increase of goodness, if I do live; an increase of happiness I can neither hope nor wish for. May I but be more deserving in the eye of God, may I add to the comfort of those with

whom I live, and may I increase in love and charity to all mankind !

Feb. 16, 1809.—At 11 at night, my dear little Girl was born into the world. I hope I shall do my duty by her, and that she will prove a blessing to her Father and to me. May I bless and praise God as I ought to do, for preserving my life at this time, and may all my future days be passed in duty and submission to Him. I know how beneficial to my mind has been of late the apprehension that my life would be exposed to danger, and that I might be called upon to quit all I loved best. I hope this apprehension being removed, will not be the cause of my being less watchful over myself, or less desirous of cultivating the favour of God. I have now an additional cause for gratitude, and as I have also new duties to do, I more than ever need His protection and grace to preserve me in the right path.

Oct. 4.—I am under much anxiety for Nurse's child, whose life I would give much to preserve, because I hate the system of wet-nursing, and cannot reconcile myself to saving a gentleman's child at the expense of a poor man's.

Nov. 10.—Finished Miss Edgeworth's work on Education, which contains much good sense, many useful hints, and much to profit from ; but as she leaves out the most essential part of instruction, her book cannot be generally useful.

Niton, Sept. 7, 1809.

O God, pardon, I humbly pray Thee, the many errors and corruptions of my heart. I am thy creature and thy servant ; and I have received so many blessings from Thee, that I am bound to love and serve Thee with more than common warmth and devotion. From my earliest childhood I have been accustomed to affection and kindness, which so much tend to increase our comfort here ; and now more than ever do I enjoy this blessing. My mind has been cultivated, my health preserved ; these, and every faculty of my soul, should be devoted to Thee, and enable me to fulfil those duties Thou enjoinest to all who call themselves thy servants. O God, I have many duties, and nothing to prevent my fulfilling them but my own proneness to evil. Grant, O God, that I may bring up my child in thy fear and love, that I may teach her thy law and thy commandments, and set her such an example as shall induce her to follow them. Grant, O God, that my affection

for her may be properly tempered, and not lead me into partiality to her or injustice to others. May my love for her be wise and rational ; and teach me to guide her in the right path. May my heart be softened and humbled by thy great goodness, instead of becoming thoughtless and inattentive by prosperity. Should this evil happen to me, Thou wilt in mercy send me sorrows to restore me to myself ; but I pray, humbly pray, O God, for the blessing of thy Holy Spirit to watch over me, to preserve me from all sinful ways, to cleanse and amend my heart, to make me meek and humble, grateful to Thee, benevolent to my fellow-creatures, sincere in my endeavours to be useful to every member of the family I have entered into, and in all things to prove myself a sincere and devout servant of Jesus Christ our Saviour. For his sake, O God, accept my prayer. Amen.

London, Oct. 14th.

THE different feelings which London air, London smoke, London noise, excite in me, compared with those I lately felt in the New Forest, where every gale brought health, where every spot was beautiful, and every sound rural, is something inconceivable. I know I am in fact the same happy being here I was there,—blest in my Child,—

blest in my Friends, supremely blest in my Husband, in the enjoyment of all this world's good, and in the hope of all that eternity will offer,—still my feelings are so different. Here I am obliged to *remember* my happiness; there it presented itself so spontaneously to my mind, I could not forget it. There, every object impressed me with joy, whether I would or no; here, every thing is dull and sombre, and would make me so too, did not reflection remind me how much cause I have to be grateful and happy. I believe that I so *revelled* in pleasure there, that every scene after it must be dull and insipid; but London, being the place of all others I like least, is absolutely disagreeable. I can, however, rejoice in the power of reflection and of thought. They teach me to be happy when happiness does not *present* itself; when it must be sought. They teach me where to find it, and how to enjoy it. They teach me, that to be contented when we have not what we wish, is a virtue; they teach me, also, that to be dissatisfied or discontented with the large portion of blessings I enjoy, would be ungrateful and unamiable, would make me undeserving of what I have, and incite God to take them from me. It is not surely possible, that because I do not enjoy every source of pleasure, I should slight the

many I have, or that I should feel one moment's repining for what I have left behind. At the same time I do not know that I should wish to forget all the pleasure I derived from the beautiful scenes we have left, or to look upon London with an eye of equal satisfaction; but I would wish that my mind should find its own resources here, its amusement, its pleasure, its instruction,—remember the joys which the Forest afforded, but remember them without regret. I dare not call it sorrow that I feel for what I have lost, it would be an abuse of the word; it is only the absence of pleasure, but that to a degree that is almost painful. But there is a thought that heals these light troubles speedily. If I did indeed so enjoy these scenes, and wish for a repetition of them, I have only to look forward, to strive heartily, and I may hope to obtain them, not for a summer or a season, but for ever!

Dec. 19th.

LONDON is far less disagreeable to me on returning to it now than it was in October, but this is because I do not come from that region of delight, and also because the very bad weather we have experienced in the country the last two months have made every country situation less

desirable. The Summer is my season of enjoyment, that is, while my Husband has his holydays. However, when my enjoyments are most scarce, I have still more to be thankful for, more to make me happy, than any individual I know, let me look where I will. I will, therefore, think much of what I have, nothing of what I want, but a great deal of what I may obtain for myself hereafter. I purpose great things in my own mind ; that is, I revolve earnest and serious thoughts in my own mind, of improving daily in the love and practice of Virtue. I do not indeed feel within myself the strength or means to effect this, but I know where my resource lies, a resource never slack in supplying all it is called upon to afford. I am well assured that, however weak, however feeble I may be, my weakness may be made strong by His grace, and will not fail to be so, if I earnestly and steadily implore it.

Christmas Day, 1810.

O GOD, who didst as on this day send down thy Son our Saviour from all the glories of heaven, to suffer pain and poverty in this world, grant that I may on this day feel more grateful, more devout and pious than before ; grant that my prayers may be earnest, my thanks sincere,

and all my thoughts holy. May I be so impressed with the sense of thy glory and goodness, the humility and benevolence of our Saviour, that they may operate on my heart and produce those virtues there, and in as high a degree as my weak nature is capable of. May I adore thy name, O God, for every work of thy hands ; and more especially for the work of our salvation and redemption. May I feel the whole extent of thy mercy towards sinful man ; may I bless and praise Thee for every part of it ; may I acknowledge Thee as the author and giver of all good, as the only object worthy of our praise and adoration. May I strive to correct every sinful part of my nature, all intemperance of thought, word, and action ; may I watch my tongue, and guard my heart ; may I keep free from evil thoughts, and preserve my mind in purity and integrity. May I duly feel all the causes I have to be especially grateful to Thee, and may they produce in me such strong and vigorous efforts as cannot fail to be followed by amendment of life and conduct. May I endeavour to add to the happiness of all around me ; and may I set such an example to my Child and to those younger than me, that they may strive for eternity as the only object that can fill their

hearts and satisfy all their desires. O God, I adore Thee as my Maker and Redeemer; I beseech of Thee pardon for my past sins, strength and assistance now, and mercy in the world to come. I pray through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.

A CATECHISM FOR MY OWN USE.

Q. WHAT do I believe to be my first duty ?

A. To love God.

Q. Why do I rank it the first ?

A. Because Jesus Christ himself pronounced it to be so ; and if I fulfil this, every other will follow of course.

Q. How do I fulfil this duty ?

A. Imperfectly, like every other : yet in my heart I do believe that I love God, though I do not show that ready obedience to all His commands, which perfect love should excite me to.

Q. Do I not see every cause for loving God more than myself, more than all the world besides ?

A. Assuredly I do : He gave me my existence ; He gave me all the blessings I enjoy ; He has preserved me from evils, which neither my own forecast, nor the care of those who love me best upon earth, could have preserved me from ; and He promises happiness greater than

I have capacity to conceive, if I obey Him truly. He is the source of all holiness, all goodness, all purity ; all that I love, esteem or admire among my fellow-creatures are faint traces of these qualities so represented in Him. He planned this world in his wisdom, He supports it by his power, and nourishes it by his providence. Among the many sources of pleasure with which this world abounds, the best and purest arise from contemplating the works of His hand. Our heaviest sorrows are alleviated by confiding in Him ; our brightest hopes are excited by looking forward to communion with Him. All that He gives, is for my comfort ; all that He commands, is for my good ; all that He prohibits, is for my interest.

Q. Still I allow that I fulfil the duty of loving God imperfectly ; how is this !

A. As I believe, from imperfection in my nature ; for there is not a law He enjoins, to which my reason does not perfectly assent. I acknowledge their wisdom, and feel that they are calculated to promote my happiness ; but still there are peccant parts about me, which refuse obedience.

Q. Do I try to subdue these peccant parts ?

A. I hope I do, and I believe so. I daily examine my own heart ; I daily warn and caution

myself against the practice of those things which I believe to be wrong ; I cultivate my mind by the perusal of those books which I believe to be most useful to me ; and not a day passes, that I do not mentally renew my promises of thorough and entire obedience to every duty God enjoins.

Q. Did God require any painful sacrifice of me, would it lessen my love of Him ?

A. No, there is no pain or punishment He could inflict, that I should not feel due to me. But if such pain was inflicted, I might perhaps suppose it sent more in mercy than in anger, and rather as a pledge of future good to be obtained by amendment of heart, than in token of His anger.

Q. Do I believe that love, or fear, of Him most predominates in my heart ?

A. Love ; for, though I fear and dread to offend Him, I have full confidence in His mercy, and entertain no apprehension that I may be the subject of His everlasting wrath.

Q. What is the improvement I daily seek to effect in myself ?

A. An improvement of heart, and mind, and temper.

Q. In what respects does my heart most need improving ?

A. Its affections are too much centered in a few

objects ; they should be enlarged, to take in more persons ; it is not that I do not wish well to all mankind, or that I am not willing to promote the welfare of all, but I think my powers are small, I am too apt to confine my efforts to those who are always around me. My mind is too apt to occupy itself with a few subjects, its own improvement, the happiness of those with whom I live, and does not sufficiently dwell upon those friends at a distance, for whom if my heart beat with more warmth, my mind might suggest more means of obliging them.

Q. Are there no rebel passions there, that need subduing ?

A. Yes, surely, on which my thoughts often dwell, and to which my most vigorous efforts are directed.

Q. What is the improvement I must seek to effect in my mind ?

A. To correct all wrong impressions there, to prepare it against the day of adversity (which all must one day expect to meet with,) to temper it so that it may not be injured by the large share of blessings I now enjoy ; to instil into it the principles of God's holy will and commandments, and all the best precepts I can collect from the best authors.

Q. How do I seek to improve my temper ?

A. By correcting much haste and impetuosity, of which I know I am guilty ; some pettishness and impatience, some haughtiness, and many fallible points.

Q. Do I suppose my labours here to have been any ways successful ?

A. In some I think they have, but I know there is yet enough to require daily and hourly watching.

Q. Do I seek for happiness greater than I now enjoy ?

A. None in this world.

Q. Do I answer this question honestly ?

A. I believe as honestly as I can answer any question that is put to me.

Q. What is the species of happiness I most look to in the other world ?

A. The first thing I look to and expect, is to find myself freed from evil passions, and from all my imperfections, with faculties refined, powers invigorated, and every failing of mind and body removed.

Q. Do my pleasures here, at all partake of those I hope to be admitted to hereafter ?

A. They do. The contemplation of God, admiration of his works, meditating on Him, and

praying to Him, with domestic pleasures (which perhaps will not be wholly excluded there,) are all I look to for the enjoyment of life ; and I am more or less happy, according as my mind is in a state more or less capable of entering into these subjects.

Q. Do I take pleasure in relieving the wants of the poor, sick and needy ; those duties which our Saviour has so strongly enforced ?

A. Indeed I do. I am not so active in these things as many others ; but I have the truest pleasure in any good I can do to a fellow-creature in distress, and could wish that some part of every day was devoted to this purpose. I am not so situated as to make this easy, and I know my business is to perform the duties of my station, not to seek for those which belong more properly to others.

Q. Is it by my own strength and my own power that I hope to improve myself, and correct my faults ?

A. No, certainly ; I know and feel my own insufficiency too well.

Q. From whence, then, do I hope to draw this aid ?

A. From God's Holy Spirit.

Q. In what temper of mind must I seek it ?

T—, April 27.

THE pleasures of Spring are felt by all who are not dead to the beauties of nature ; even the sick and the sorrowful can partake of them, for they bring a power of soothing, if not of healing, both to mind and body. But to one, like myself, just escaped from the smoke and noise of London, alighting on one of the prettiest spots, in one of the finest days of the year, the beauties and charms of Spring do indeed impart exquisite pleasure. This indeed is tempered by the apprehension of finding poor ***** much a sufferer, but the sensations excited by all I see and hear are in themselves complete, and of a nature to improve as well as recreate the mind. They are so suited to my taste and inclination, and so innocent in themselves, that I hope to be allowed to enjoy them in their greatest perfection, and for the longest duration, in another sphere than this ; and this little foretaste here always gives birth to strong and earnest desires so to act that I may deserve to be an inhabitant of that place where every season is Spring, and every emotion that of love, peace and joy ! I am willing to think the satisfaction and delight we experience on a fine Spring day, arises principally from seeing the happiness of animal na-

ture all around us; so many now coming into life, and so many in the enjoyment of their existence (all indeed who are in a state of nature,) their food springing up, their young coming into being; the sky clear, and the whole earth smiling; these things seem to diffuse pleasure to every order of beings; and I hope man, the only reflective being, derives great part of his pleasure from witnessing the goodness and beneficence of his CREATOR, which extends to those below us well as those above him. All these things certainly may give rise to thoughts and feelings that we need not fear to own and to encourage. They do also seem to partake of the joys of Heaven, where we shall see all happy, and all wisely happy—no folly or revelry, but joyous from purity and innocence, from benevolence and admiration of the wisdom and goodness of the Great Maker of all things. The wonders of Creation are indeed formed for our use; to administer to our pleasure, and provide us with food, clothing, the necessities and comforts of life; but this is not all they may do for us—this is the use we are willing to derive from them; but this is not all they are capable of affording us—they may administer as much to the health and comfort of our souls as of our bodies; they give us

proof of the omniscience and omnipresence of Him who made us; they show us all the beauty and skill of the great Architect—they prove to us His love and His power—they amuse and instruct our minds, and teach us to imitate, though coarsely, the excellence of His workmanship; they teach us to relieve the necessities and add to the comforts of those beings who are placed in a situation to need our assistance. From them also we learn hints for our most useful contrivances, for the operations of art are for the most part but imitations of those things which the hand of nature has created. The sight of Spring, when all things are reviving around us, gives new vigour and energy to the mind, gives birth to new hopes, new thoughts, and new resolves. It insensibly inspires the wish to live in those regions where all is new and fresh, where no sign of age or decay is ever apparent—where we shall be capable of tasting a succession of joy and pleasure without alloy. Here, however bright, however blooming is the prospect, we know that one day, one hour may bring a chill, a frost that changes the whole face of nature; and if one day does not bring this change, a succession must. This, and every serious thought which the scene inspires, prompts anew the

wish for that perennial bliss which proceeds from age to age in unfading perfection, which will neither end nor diminish, but remain with us during all eternity !

T—, May 2.

. The follies of a Man, if pursued too far, make him amenable to the laws of his country ; a drunken frolic, being present at a gaming table, or any excess which a man commits, is punishable by law, and therefore likely to excite his fears, and produce caution ; but a Woman may run a long course of folly, without incurring any punishment from the hand of Justice, though at the same time she is infringing the laws of God, and gradually effacing every virtue from her heart. But I should say to both sexes, Look well to your follies ; strive to correct those failings in yourselves which you know, or may know, to exist in you, though the world knows them not. Many motives less than the love of God may induce us to abstain from vice, but nothing short of the voice of God is powerful enough to induce us to correct our weaknesses and infirmities. It is commonly said, when we recommend worldly prudence, Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care

of themselves ; so I say in morals, Look well to the beginnings of error, and the grosser faults will never follow. Those failings which are thought to be infirmities of our nature, and therefore not necessary to be strongly and vigorously opposed, will, if indulged, tarnish every virtue. Every woman is thought vain by nature, therefore her vanity is indulged, nay even fed by the attention bestowed on her exterior, till it grows into a passion, and occupies the room in her heart which should be filled by good and pious affections. Men are said to be lovers of pleasure, and are indulged in the pursuit of it till they are unfit for good and profitable occupation. But those failings to which we feel most tendency, we should most vigorously oppose. We are placed here in a world of temptation ; if we resist it, we shall be eternally rewarded ; if we yield, we obtain all the satisfaction which this world's goods can bestow, that is, a momentary gratification, which is succeeded by nausea and surfeit, and we feel ourselves checked and retarded in the acquisition of wisdom and happiness. There is such a connection between the Virtues, that none can be possessed in perfection where the others are not. There is a harmony in Goodness, which admits of no discordant

principle. The whole heart must be good, and all that proceeds from it, to be acceptable to God, no half measures will be pleasing to Him. Never pretend to say to yourself, "I will carefully abstain from vice, but I may venture to indulge myself in those pleasures and relaxations to which I am most prone. I will always keep within the bounds of virtue, but I cannot resist certain indulgences." This is not language which will be acceptable before God; He must have your whole heart, and every effort must be tried to make you acceptable before Him, for, when you have struggled against your failings, with all your might, there will still be many, very many omissions. When we try to do the best, we shall still fall far short of our intentions; but if we do not intend the best, our performances will of course be more imperfect. Find out your own weak side, and oppose it with all your might. Try every effort to become more virtuous, and be assured that the correction of small errors is absolutely necessary to the attainment of any portion of eternal felicity.

London, June 11

I am often surprised to find that good thoughts seem more salutary to my mind than good ac-

found in perfection in any man. Candour, then, being an union of these two, and consisting in the practice of both, will very rarely be met with. Some men, nay many, can judge candidly of the conduct of others, where themselves are not concerned ; but few, very few, can *feel* candidly, when their interests are opposed to those of others. There is a love of self, natural to us all, that renders it very difficult to judge impartially where ourselves are concerned. We never can have the same feelings for any other human being, we never can enter into the distresses, the sorrows, the pains of others, as we do into our own ; that which in our own case we feel grievous, nay, insufferable, in others is a trifling evil, which should be borne with philosophy. That which in ourselves is a venial offence, in others is vexatious, provoking, and done from bad motives, and producing the worst effects. This being the natural perversion of our minds, it is quite necessary, if we wish to acquire an impartial view and feeling between our own and others' interests, that we should take some pains with ourselves to remove the bias that so potently draws in one direction. A man may assume candour on his lips, and profess to think honestly and indifferently between himself and his neighbour,

though there are not many who endeavour at this ; but the number is still fewer of those who argue candidly with themselves, who, when alone, strive to weigh the actions and conduct of other men as they would wish their own to be weighed. When men desire to be considered for their sense, their talents, their understanding, it does not occur to them, that candour is one of the best proofs of their claim to superior sense. Yet do I hold it to be a high attainment in wisdom, to have the power to judge impartially between ourselves and others ; it surely requires a more than common portion of philosophy, the passions must be subdued, the mind unclouded, and the heart unbiassed. It requires a large share of that quality in which we are almost all deficient, self-knowledge, and a freedom from that in which we all abound, self-love. Another thing which makes candour rare, is, that it is a sort of finish to the virtues ; it is not sought for in the degree that makes it a virtue, but by those who are far advanced in the paths of wisdom and virtue. All sciolists in goodness seek for the more showy qualities, for those which display themselves in actions, and can be recounted from one to another, Now Candour is a virtue that does not display itself in a day

on an hour, nay, we must be long acquainted with any man before we can give him credit for being a candid person. Though we know him to be free from prejudice on one subject, yet there are very few of us indeed, who, upon a long acquaintance, do not discover the weakness and imbecility of our judgment upon some topic. Nay, if we are of those rare beings, who are not blinded by our own wishes and our own desires, still there will be some one dealer to us than ourselves, for whom we consent to let our reason sleep, while the heart speaks. To be truly candid and impartial, reason must be ever waking, and no partiality must have leave to overpower her. This is such self-command as we cannot hope entirely to attain, but we may strive for the highest degree we can.

M—— H——, Oct 23.

THE human mind is so formed, that all people not occupied in earning their own livelihood, all in short who have much leisure, feel benefit to their minds and bodies by occasional change of scene and society. Too many court variety only from a love of dissipation, and for the sake of exhilarating the mind; but I am of opinion that the grave, the sober-minded, and even those who

least court a change, are yet always materially the better for it after remaining some months in the same place. Nor will this appear extraordinary when we consider how much more strongly the human mind is affected by those objects it sees and comes in contact with, than by any others. We know interest is excited and affection kept alive in a much more powerful degree for those objects immediately under our notice, than for any absent ones. If, therefore, you confine yourself to one spot, and view one set of objects only, it is very natural to suppose the mind should thereby become narrowed, and the heart should not expand as it is capable of doing by embracing a larger number of objects. We know also that the mind is so far like the eye, it cannot so justly estimate those things it wishes to consider, if always under its notice, as if they are occasionally exchanged for others; for, in truth, we know not their qualities and virtues, but by comparing them with others. Now this is taking one side of the question, and supposing that we are placed among those objects only which give delight; it shows that even in that case occasional change is advisable. But suppose, what is in fact the case of all, that we have little cares, crosses, and vexations, besides

the greater evils of life, then how doubly necessary is some variety, a short cessation from those cares, to relieve the mind, and enable her to look about her with fresh vigour and renewed force; for, evils, however trifling, if they recur every day, harass and vex us much more than greater, which endure for a time and are discontinued. There is, too, one great and powerful advantage to be gained by removing to other scenes, and mixing with other persons; wherever we go, in whatever station of life we find our friends, we shall be sure in all cases to see a mixture of sorrow and of joy, of good and of evil, a vicissitude of events attending them which sometimes vex and sometimes soothe them. An occasional variety of scene, then, seems useful, both to give the mind her due powers, to teach her to prize rightly those objects she loves, and to estimate duly the proportion of evil which mixes in the common crosses and vexations of life. It is always natural, and probable, that we should deceive ourselves upon subjects of this kind, which we adopt eagerly, and more especially when we feel that the thing is beneficial to ourselves, and because it is so, we fancy that others must derive the same benefit. But without this prejudice, I think it will be granted, that it

is good to make the mind excursive, to teach the thoughts to run in different channels, to embrace a variety of objects, to feel for the sorrows of more than your own circle, to partake in the joys of more than your own immediate neighbours ; in short, to teach the heart and mind to expand, and take in as wide a range as their limited powers admit. I am no advocate for dissipation, only for that degree of variety which tends to put all the powers in motion, to enliven and instigate, and never to suffer the intellectual or moral faculties to lie dormant for want of fresh matter to excite.

R—, Dec. 27

WHATEVER be our station in life, we are all exposed to very many temptations, and perhaps never more so than when our affections are very strong. I know myself to be liable to many errors, and especially on the subject of my Child, whom I love as a mother commonly loves an only child, that is, I fear, more fondly than wisely. But as I do very earnestly desire, neither to spoil her, nor to behave partially and unjustly towards others, I may consider the subject by myself, and perhaps draw from thence some conclusions that may be useful to me. First, then, I should seek very earnestly, very

steadily, and very assiduously to deal impartially between her and her half-sister ; this I feel to be attended with so much difficulty, that nothing short of constant watchfulness, mistrust, and self-reproof, can ever keep me from error. This, then, I mean to make my daily study, my daily endeavour ; the subject of my daily prayer it has been ever since she was born. Next, I wish to be able to fix my attention and direct my views to her permanent happiness, rather than her little daily pleasures and disappointments. I wish I could look upon her little sorrows as I should do upon those of others less dear to me, and confine my fears and anxieties to her important interests. In this endeavour I have hitherto made very little progress, but I know this and all other things may be done by perseverance and constant effort. I earnestly desire to have sense to discern what is right to be done, and then I pray for the steadiness and firmness necessary to go through with it. I hope to be so clear-sighted as to see her errors, and to see them in their true magnitude, neither diminishing them by partiality nor enlarging them by my fears. She is a healthy, happy child, with a very good natural disposition, and perhaps more than common quickness of parts. It does not

at present appear that she will want any thing more than steadiness to manage her, and make her good and amiable; but that steadiness is, I fear, a very difficult thing for any to acquire, and especially for a Mother, who feels, who acknowledges to herself, that her affection for her Child exceeds the bounds she would wish to prescribe; who knows herself to be alive all over to every sensation of pain or pleasure that the child experiences, who feels delight at every tone of joy she utters, and pain at every cry. This is a degree of sensibility that I am persuaded I should strive to deaden: if I wish to be very steady in my management, smiles and tears should be more indifferent to me. Then, I should be very cautious of indulging the pleasure I have in seeing others pleased with her, I must beware too of letting her see the delight I feel when she says a quick or clever thing; she must not hear her own praises, or at least but rarely, and upon some few occasions where praise may be useful. It is not requisite I should love her less, but it is very desirable I should be wise in my love. There is nothing, indeed, I so earnestly pray for, respecting her, as her being good and wise; and so I have from her earliest days; but I cannot satisfy myself that I always

act in the same tenour. Any object loved so dearly, is apt to take too large a place in our imagination. My thoughts are upon her incessantly; I wish to be always doing something that can give her present pleasure, or add to her little stock of knowledge, or be some way useful to her. Now, I believe the most useful thing for her would be, to detach her sometimes from my thoughts; to let her go on in the common nursery routine, sometimes crying, sometimes laughing, and not to fret over every little childish fit of naughtiness she has, as if her future character were to be stained by it. It is the effect of anxiety, I know, but we may be too anxious even with a good motive: mine is a nervous habit, and does not need irritation—quite the contrary. I shall never be too careless or indifferent about her, my errors will be all of an opposite tendency.

Jan. 11, 1812.—I am always in London on this day, which is not friendly to serious thought or meditation; but I examine as well as I can the state of my own mind, and there I invariably find sincere and heartfelt gratitude for the mercies of God, with the full conviction that He

has granted me all that is necessary for the happiness of a human being, and that whenever I feel a deficiency of peace or comfort, it is to myself I must look for the cause. I must grow more wise and virtuous, if I wish to be more happy. I do indeed feel that London air, London smoke, and London occupations, are a great check to my natural gaiety; and when here, every thing seems to oppose the natural bent of my inclinations. But there is no harm in this; it teaches me to look inward for the true source of happiness, and upward for protection and assistance; it teaches me to look forward for real and lasting enjoyments, and reminds me that this world was never intended to be a state of fruition; on the contrary, we are assured that it is one of trial, and we must learn to prize all the events and scenes of life according to their real, not their seeming worth. Thus, my six months in London may be more really useful to me than those I pass in scenes more to my satisfaction. The true Christian feels that God is every where, and that where He is, there is peace and joy to those who love Him truly and serve Him faithfully.

July 5, 1812.

THIS is Sunday, and my Husband is absent—two indispensable reasons why I must occupy a few minutes in pourtraying the present state of my mind. I must not describe myself as low, but I must tell the truth. The truth, then, is, that it has been a dull day with me: I scarce ever know a dull day, especially when I am alone, yet this has been one. All the morning my head ached so much that I was incapable of proper attention to the duties of the day, and incapable of feeling that degree of devotion which I scarce ever fail to feel on Sunday, and which makes it the happiest day of the week. For, devotion is the noblest of all our pleasures; it is in fact a high relish and full enjoyment of every pleasure which life affords. It is love, joy, and gratitude, combined. It is the sense of God's goodness, a lively feeling of present blessings, and an anticipation of future greater and more lasting ones. I went to Evening Service, and by this time had rallied a little; I was capable of attending to a very good sermon from Mr. Stevens. I enjoyed playing with my Child till her bed-time; and when the day shut in, and candles were brought, I felt as I always do, that I could enjoy myself with my books and my

pen till bed-time. But Sunday should never be passed in London, if one could help it, especially at this season, for as every flower in bloom, every tree in foliage, and every field in corn, excite pleasing and lively feelings of the wisdom and goodness of God, so do noisy streets and brick houses check, or at least damp, the ardour of those pious emotions which the Church Service is calculated to excite. But God is every where, and if our hearts are rightly turned towards Him, they will be the abode of peace and joy. May I, then, lie down in peace this night, thankful for the blessings of the past day, full of humble and pious hope for the future, in charity and goodwill towards all mankind, disposed to be active and zealous in the prosecution of every duty which God has enjoined, and fully purposing to correct in myself every fault and foible which I know to be displeasing to Him.

Tunbridge Wells, Aug. 8, 1812

WHEN I feel a certain glow at my heart, and a flow of cheerfulness in my mind, I am pretty sure if I take up my pen that it will run glibly: I do not very well know what will be its present subject, but I think it will express in some undigested terms a sense of gratitude for present

mercies, sorrow and remorse for past errors, and a lively hope of future happiness. These are the feelings ever uppermost in my mind, which at every pause in the business or exercise of the day, pour thick upon me. They do not come in the form of words, but in lively expressive thoughts they play about my heart, and inspire emotions so strong as make me feel my dependence upon and connexion with an invisible Being, still closer than with those who are ever before my eyes, and near and dear to me as my own life. Such thoughts, indeed, occurring so frequently and so vividly, should produce a conduct more steady, and more appropriate to them. That they do not, is one of the many proofs of weakness and infirmity to which I always feel liable—such weakness and infirmity, as make me ever sensible how necessary to my comfort and enjoyment here are my trust and confidence in God,—in an all-wise, all-powerful, all-merciful God! one who ever knows what is best, who has ever power to execute that best, and the will and inclination to do so. In such hands I am ever held; to such eyes is my heart ever open; in such presence do I always act, and before such a Governor must I hereafter appear!—One, who has given me all the blessings

I enjoy, has preserved me from all the evils I have avoided, and who has in store for me (if I strive for it) happiness far greater than my present faculties are capable of comprehending.

Sept. 25, 1812.

FEELING so very great an amendment of health and strength as I do, how should I feel in mind in consequence? What sensations should arise in the heart of a good Christian, for so great a blessing? Gratitude to God in the first place, and a steady and hearty resolution to obey Him more readily in future, in the next. Do I find these feelings in my own breast? I trust I do, and I hope they will not prove a dead letter there. My own opinion of myself is, that I rather require some depressing circumstance to keep me down; that I have not ballast enough against prosperity; that my temper is naturally quick and haughty, and that these faults are aggravated if I am placed in a situation of too much ease of mind and body. But if such is my opinion of myself, it should seem that I know my weak side, I therefore have only to put a double guard there;—to know our own faults, and not seek to amend them, is indeed an unpardonable aggravation of them. It has

pleased God to be very merciful to me during the whole of my life I have enjoyed tolerable health, a sound mind, kind friends, and a most affectionate Parent During the last four years and a half, these blessings have been enhanced by the society, confidence, friendship, and affection of the very best of Husbands. Our joys have been as great as God permits to his creatures here, our sorrows none, and the little interruptions to our joy as slight and as transitory as can be The last two months have added, in two instances, to our temporal enjoyment, an increase of income, which adds many comforts and removes some care,—an amendment of my health, which still more increases our mutual comfort These blessings, then, do imperiously demand from us an especial acknowledgment of God's goodness, renewed thanks and praises, more effort at improvement of heart and mind, more steady avoidance of error, more benevolence to others, more active charity, more resistance of evil If I do not feel all these now in my heart, yet I hope I shall I purpose to consider God's goodness deeply, to reflect upon it often, and to nourish so strong a sentiment of it as may turn to practical use I will endeavour, too, that the increased activity and

energy I feel capable of may not all be idly and unprofitably spent: If I have greater powers, it will be within my reach to effect greater good. God gives nothing in vain; and he will demand of me an account of these increased powers of mind and body. Every daily review of my own conduct tells me I am weak and sinful: but, let it not tell me I am weak and sinful as I was. May my future efforts be more steady and availing, my prayers more devout, my resolutions better grounded. May I have sense enough to read my own heart truly, and vigour and courage to correct all that is wrong in it. O God! I am in Thy sight now and always; my heart is open, my most secret thoughts known, to Thee, and every motive that sways my conduct. I cannot deceive Thee, and may I not deceive myself!

Tunbridge Wells, Sept. 29, 1812.

How fluctuating is every thing in this world! and certainly it is God's good pleasure that it should be so. The natural vicissitude of seasons, the various changes which all nature goes through, show that God is pleased to decree there shall be no stability in this state of things. We but too often see the prosperous brought low, the rich become poor, the high degraded,

the happy parent become childless, the happy wife a widow: all these events are attended with such a revolution of thoughts and feelings as shape the inner man, and make him look above to the only stable, stationary point, for refuge and consolation in his sorrow. Happily this train of thought is not now brought upon me by any such untoward circumstances, but by the common and trifling event of a change of weather, that sort of change which we always experience when Summer is departing and Autumn sets in. The very great reverse I experience in myself, from the mere change of sky, and change of employments and pursuits which arise in consequence, has forced me into the reflection, or rather the observation, that all here is fleeting and transitory; and that our minds must be prepared to pursue that course which God directs, not that which our wishes dictate. We have had a long succession of fair bright weather, which made every object before us gay, lively and alluring; and besides the pleasure which the eye took in at home, it incited us to have every day a fresh scheme for visiting the many pretty scenes with which this country abounds; so that the first object of the day was to fix what was to be the pleasure of the day,

the next to pursue it: and the day was closed with those feelings of satisfaction which innocent pleasure, not too closely or intently pursued, leaves upon the mind. This morning, on the contrary, presents a cloudy sky, attended with wind and rain; every object looks dull, dreary and dripping. If we are able to go out of the house, it will be for exercise only; and instead of forming schemes of pleasure, all our attention will be directed to keeping out rain and dirt; so that neither within nor without could we find amusement, were our attention directed to externals only. I confess I have looked so much lately to out-of-doors pleasures, that my mind finds some difficulty in turning from them to another direction; but happily for me I was educated by a Parent who took so much pains to give me a taste for mental pleasures, that the relish will quickly return; and I find the lesson not unuseful which this change teaches me. Every thing that forces us to look inwards is useful, and that instructs us in our own feebleness and dependence upon a Power who alone can control the events of life, every thing, too, that teaches us the influence and authority which Reason is capable of exercising over us. I now feel that by her power I can repel what might

otherwise be dissatisfaction ; and find pleasure, amusement and instruction from this one of the commonest events of life.

I must now have recourse to exercise of mind instead of body, which affords indeed a different species of pleasure from the former, but ~~one not~~ less exquisite. The being *forced* to go from one to the other, is perhaps for the first hour or two irksome ; but this change and contrast is in fact the true source of all our pleasures here ; for our powers are so feeble, they are soon wearied and broken by being always bent in one direction. The fine weather that was so pleasing, would in time have ceased to exhilarate, had it continued ; and the new country which excited such pleasure would have ceased to charm, by being daily visited. Books and work will now take their turn ; the mind will take a new course, the ideas a new flow, and when sunshine and fair weather revisit us, our faculties and power of relishing them will be renewed.

God would not have appointed these changes and vicissitudes in the natural and moral world, had He not seen that they were calculated to promote the health of our minds and bodies.

Pleasure, always presenting itself, would no longer please; it must be sought for, nay laboured for, and the exertion we undergo in seeking it doubles the relish when obtained. Nay, so dull and insensible are we too apt to be to our joys and best pleasures, that but for occasional reverses of pain and sorrow, we should be blind to our own happiness and to the great Bestower of it.

T———, Oct. 23, 1812.

. I know that life has many sorrows, I cannot look around among my own acquaintance and friends, or among those who are known to me but by name, without seeing that all of every description are called upon in their turn to suffer sorrow; the wise and the simple, the good and the wicked, the rich and the poor, have all their distresses and afflictions; nor can I doubt (seeing that these troubles are shed on them by a merciful and affectionate Father) that it is for their good, for their eternal interest, for the profit of their souls, that they are thus exposed to suffering. It is therefore the determination of my mind, it is my resolution, my fixed purpose, not to faint when my time shall come; not to think that I am deserted of God,

forsaken, or less the object of His love than now. But I know such resolutions, such determinations and such purposes, are all frail, weak, and liable to be broken and forgotten, when circumstances change. All I can really do when in prosperity, to preserve a support to myself, in the day of adversity, is to place my trust and confidence in God, to refer every joy to Him, to acknowledge Him as the giver of all joy, to make it my greatest happiness that I am His servant, and then He will not desert me in the hour of need.

Dec. 31, 1812.—Reviewing the past year, J—'s present state of health so occupies me, that I find it difficult to recall the past. Yet it has many calls upon my gratitude, such as I should be ashamed to forget on any occasion less than the present.

My Husband, the chief Source of all my joy, has been well—good, kind, affectionate, attentive as when first we married—and rising in my estimation, from his practice of every social and moral virtue, the longer and more intimately I know him. My little Girl, all health, joy, and activity—docile, attentive, tractable, and very

intelligent. Every member of my Husband's family kind and indulgent to me.

During the early part of the year, I was indeed in a state of languor that made me useless to others, and unenjoyable to myself, but during a long stay at Tunbridge, I recruited more than I ever expected to do again My mind, too, I hope, has made some progress in virtue and wisdom. I think I feel in myself more love of God and desire to serve him, and more desire to be serviceable to my fellow creatures,—more insight into my heart, and sorrow for its defects and failings, with an earnest intention of correcting them,—more desire to walk with God than heretofore. God grant that if I live to see a return of this day, I may find my heart chastened and corrected, and myself more humble, meek, and pious than now '

Jan. 6, 1813.—J.'s death. No doubt, the release is a happy one for him, and so his Father thinks, though the pang of parting is very severe. His existence had long been a very painful one, and his enjoyments were rare and uncertain. His Father must and will miss him severely, for he was a constant channel for

his benevolence to flow into, a constant object of his care and anxiety ; one who always needed and found his attention and affection. He had many solid virtues that were native in him ; he inherited his Father's strict integrity, he was the most incapable of deceit of almost any I ever knew ; he had great active good nature, very quick parts, great acuteness of intellect, a most accurate memory. He was rendered incapable of application by his nervous complaints, but he could pick up information in a wonderful way, and was so accurate in all he pretended to know, that I felt myself always sure in repeating any thing after him. He had a very warm affectionate heart, and his faults may be mostly traced to his weak nervous frame. May his soul rest in peace !

S——, Jan. 23, 1813.

My mind is naturally calm and tranquil : I enjoy great blessings from the hand of God, and I have sense enough to be grateful and contented. All externally shines upon me, and all within is at rest ; not so far at rest but I strive earnestly at improvement ; but my conscience reproaches me with no faults that I do not trust in God's mercy to pardon. I am therefore a very happy being. But when this composure, so

natural to me, is once ruffled, my whole frame is disturbed : my frame indeed is weak, and incapable of sustaining any unusual emotion : anger, however slight or short lived, disturbs all the internal quiet, puts my thoughts out of their usual course, and makes me more displeased with myself for harbouring the passion, than with those who excited it. Anxiety overpowers me still more ; it enfeebles me both in mind and body, but especially in body. Compassion even is too strong a sensation for me, when excited for any object under my eye. I seem to possess myself only when free from all excitement. My mind, thus satisfied with the general course of events that can befall me, occupies itself very little with the concerns of this world, except with regard to the individuals who are dear to me ; neither does it take much pleasure in reviewing past events, except those that relate personally to myself or those I love. With all this, my mind is not an inactive one ; yet I can hardly tell, unless I look closely into it, upon what subject it employs itself. It looks much to the future—the future of eternity ; it is very anxious to secure happiness for itself there, and for my little Girl. As for my Husband, I feel no anxiety on his score ; when once he quits this

mortal life, I look upon his translation to scenes of bliss as certain. I think much, very much of my Child in every way; of her instruction, her improvement, her temper, her mind, her heart—all these subjects I run over in thought daily and hourly. My own mind, too, I look into very often: I find much deficiency of knowledge on subjects I would wish to be instructed in; I find its powers generally feeble, incapable of attaining much, or of retaining all it acquires: the best quality I find in it is, a general desire of improvement, of excellence—a longing for that better world, in which our faults will be corrected, our tempers amended, and our hearts purified. I find it delighting itself in love, gratitude, and all good affections of the heart; disposed to trust and rely on the Great Maker of the world in all scenes of sorrow and distress; reposing on His goodness and relying on His mercy, yet fearful of the effect which adverse events may produce on my frame. When, however, it has alarmed itself with such thoughts, it turns again to God with fresh confidence and reliance, knowing that His help will always be proportionate to the wants of the sufferer; and the greater my feebleness and weakness, so much the greater will be His mercy, if my hope and

trust are with Him. Such is the picture of my own mind, if I do not mistake myself. I have no worldly wishes—no accession of riches or power could make me happier. Many events might lessen my present happiness, but they might teach me to look more narrowly into myself, more piously and holily up to God, and so do me essential service. I am God's creature; and He knows far better than I am capable of knowing, what will or will not redound to my future welfare.

Feb. 26, 1813.

A LITTLE self-examination before the beginning of Lent may not be amiss. From hence I may learn what failings I should more especially strive to correct, what virtues to encourage, what benefits to acknowledge. Whenever I begin to examine myself seriously, (and I hope I do it most nights,) I feel such a sense of general weakness and imperfection, that my heart sinks within me—I throw myself upon God's mercy, with a prayer that He will enable me to correct all that is wrong. As it is not safe to measure ourselves by any human standard, there is but One I look up to, and then shrink into myself, at the thought of my own insignificance and insufficiency. I know, however, that to make

self-examination useful, it should enter minutely into particulars. I will therefore here ~~enumerate~~ some few of my own faults, which are ~~too~~ obvious to escape the most hasty view. Frequent inattention and want of devotion during my prayers—a want of sufficient attention to the needs and necessities of others—want of activity in various ways—my mind not always directed to objects of the greatest importance—a feeling of dissatisfaction at the conduct of others. These and many other faults are striking, and need thorough correction. The Virtues that need constant attention and encouragement, are—first, Humility, the groundwork, the promoter, encourager and nourisher of all true religion; next, charity, devotion, sincerity, purity, and all that shone most conspicuous in the life and conduct of our gracious SAVIOUR. The blessings I have to acknowledge are some of the best which God bestows upon his creatures:—being born in a Christian Country, educated under Christian Parents, enjoying good health and a sound mind; having had a most kind, affectionate Parent, and having now the kindest, most affectionate and best of Husbands. To be the Wife of such an one, should excite the warmest gratitude, and I hope I am not insensible to the feelings to

which it should give rise. Among many other blessings of which I partake largely, my Child's health, good disposition and intelligence, form a principal feature: they add very greatly to my happiness now; and I hope I shall so conduct myself towards her, as to promote her happiness and my own hereafter. Her mind is now in a state to take any impression; and as she is my very frequent companion, I must have a large share in forming and moulding it. The strong affection I bear her will ensure my most anxious efforts, but it will also endanger my prudence and caution; I shall either magnify or lessen her failings; my partiality will not admit of my seeing them fairly as they are. The education of this Child is at my heart, I think of it by night and by day; but, as in all other cases, I must refer myself to God, and pray for the assistance of his Holy Spirit to guide me in it; for, though I should set to it with my whole heart and mind, I feel perfectly unequal to avoid the many errors into which I feel myself likely to fall. To Him, then, I will pray for grace to preserve me from every sin, for protection in every danger, for support in every sorrow, for restraint in every temptation. I will pray for grace in the ensuing season, to enable me to turn

it to good advantage ; that I may indeed repent of past errors, be grateful for past blessings—that I may improve in every virtue, in love of God and of my fellow-creatures—that I may become more active in my benevolence, more pious in my devotions, more zealous in my love—that I may increase in purity, meekness and holiness ; and finally prove deserving of heavenly happiness, which can only be through the merits of our gracious Saviour and Intercessor.

W——, Aug. 8, 1813.

It is a barren head which will produce nothing when called upon : certainly mine gives little promise at this moment ; but with a little thought, something will probably arise. It is Sunday evening, too damp to walk, and the mind having been all day applied to serious subjects, would be glad of a little relief ; or would be glad to produce some thoughts of its own, instead of longer following those of others. Certainly, the subject to which we give our minds on the Sunday being so much more important than any other, is apt to leave the mind weary and exhausted. Nor is this unnatural ; it is the only day in the week on which we devote ourselves to one only subject—this of itself

is trying to the mind—and that subject is the most important of any I have no doubt, however, that it is good and useful to keep this day distinct from all other days, and to endeavour to make as much progress in religious knowledge and religious practice, on every return of the Sabbath, as we can. It is of divine appointment, and as such deserves a close observance. We know, whenever we reflect upon it, that it is of the utmost importance to the morals and comfort of mankind that there should be such a day of rest, and we know it to be our duty and interest to observe it ourselves, and to promote the observance of it in others. In what manner we shall do this, depends upon ourselves. The Commandment says, ‘Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy,’ but leaves it to ourselves to decide in what manner. It seems to me that we cannot keep it too strictly, that is, we cannot too entirely devote it to religious subjects, provided we do not make it a dull day, so as not to welcome its return, and rejoice especially in “the day which the Lord has made.” To those, indeed, who are engaged in labour or in study, or in servitude, the return of this day brings joy and repose with it, it is only those who live a life of ease, that are in

danger of not welcoming it as they should ; but if they consider that they are of all people those who should be most grateful to their Creator, they may perhaps recollect that they are especially bound to welcome the return of that day which is in an especial manner devoted to Him. Undoubtedly, this pause gives a zest to the employments and avocations of the other days ; we return to them with more pleasure, more cheerfulness and good-will, from having been one day debarred of them. Besides which, every willing sacrifice that we make of our own inclinations upon a principle of duty, is always satisfactory upon reflection.

Aug. 22, 1813.

PERHAPS no one has lived as many years in this world as myself, having known more of happiness and less of sorrow than I have done. For this I most humbly thank God, and devoutly hope I may not be found ungrateful for the very happy lot I have had. That I have deserved it by any merits of my own, I can by no means flatter myself ; yet still I hope I have never at any time been insensible to the blessings I enjoyed ; and I can with truth say, my imagination has not (of late years, at least) strayed

to distant periods, nor ever looked to future objects, to confer a greater degree of felicity than that of which I have been possessed. In saying this, I limit the observation to all which relates to this world—another world I do look forward to, full of hope and confidence, with the highest expectations, though my mind cannot shadow forth one image to rest upon there.

That I have been thus happy, I owe to Almighty God; but the instruments in His hands, who have more especially contributed to my enjoyment of life, have been my Father and Husband; my Father, as long as he lived, by kindness, affection, by constant intercourse, by instruction, by every mean that is lodged in our hands to endear us to each other:—my Husband, ever since he was mine, by indulgence, goodness, the practice of virtue, by care, love, and all that can win and secure the heart of a human being. It is, no doubt, very rare for any one to meet with two such instances of very strong affection devoted to them, and that from minds of a superior cast. It must, I should hope, in some measure influence my own feelings, and make me of more worth to my own Child and those who look up to me.

Happy as I have been, as I now am (for, I never was happier at any period of my life than the present,) I do not, however, feel my thoughts or affections chained down to this world. On the contrary, they strive hard to become deserving of a better state of existence. I know myself indeed to be a very weak, erring creature; every day, every hour proves this to me; every examination of myself shows me faults and errors so innumerable, that but for a Divine Mediator, I could have no hope of ever attaining the happiness which is in store for the good and virtuous. Yet I am sure the bent of my mind is towards that brighter existence. I hate my own faults, I hate the faults of others, and I long to be among those who are too pure to behold iniquity. I love and revere the wisdom of God, and I earnestly wish to behold more nearly the beauties of His handywork,—the wonders of creation. I know full well that every thought of my heart is visible to the God who made me; He knows every wrong feeling, every wrong motive within my breast. I could not, if I would, conceal any thing from His omniscience; nor would I if I could. He it is, who shall judge me at the last day, and appoint my portion according to my merits. I am glad, therefore,

that every struggle to repel my faults, every effort to improve my virtues, however ineffectual, is known to Him; for He knows better than I do myself, how far my power extends, and perhaps at moments when I blame myself for my insufficiency, He may see more cause to commiserate than condemn me. In His hands I am now and always; of His grace and mercy, I live and breathe and have my being; from Him I sprung, to Him I go, and by Him I hope to be found deserving of pardon and mercy in the life to come.

B——, Oct 10, 1813.

WE were told in the Sermon to-day, that if we would examine our hearts, we should find we are never so happy as when we have done a good action; meaning, a charitable or benevolent action to one in want or sorrow. I felt in my own heart that I could not quite assent to this. I know that I have feelings of greater happiness—when my heart is open before God, when I am expressing my trust and confidence in Him, when I rely on Him, feel that I am present with Him, that all my wants and failings are known to Him, that I dare disclose them all, and still hope for mercy. At the moment of

doing what may be called a good action, I commonly do but gratify those feelings of benevolence of which we all partake in a greater or less degree—I comply with the dictates of my own heart—I do that which I hope is right, but it is commonly unattended with effort. Now it is probably not material in the eye of God, whether we feel ourselves most happy when relieving the wants of our fellow-creatures, or when offering up our hearts to Him. The difference probably arises from constitution, or from a different turn of mind. I can feel satisfaction, very great satisfaction, in a right course of action, in a right disposition of time, in a regular series of benevolent attentions ; but in each individual action of my own, there always appears to me so much of imperfection, either in the manner or the motive, that I can never attach any great value to them. It is constitutional with me to love every thing that gives effort and exertion to my mind, that seems to exalt it above this world and prepare it for another. I can hold no converse with God without straining every nerve to make my thoughts, hopes and wishes known to Him ; it always appears to gain strength by the effort, and I hope becomes thereby more resigned to His will,

more devoted to Him, and I hope more fit to appear before Him.

January 11, 1814. (Her Birth-Day)

THE return of this day should never occur without being specially noticed ; without exciting lively sensations of joy and gratitude, of love and adoration to Him who made me ; with many recollections of thankfulness due to my earthly Parent, for the pains he took to make all the early years of my life pass happily. On this day especially my taste was consulted, and every effort was made to add to the common joys and amusements of every other day. These things are now past, and it becomes me to procure my own pleasures within me, by exciting more animated reflections on the blessings I now enjoy and those which are in store for me ; by looking over past occurrences, reviewing past dangers and past pains : rejoicing again in the escape from these evils, thanking God who saved me from them, and putting fresh trust and confidence in Him for all future events. These are the truest sources of joy, for all who are far enough advanced in life to commune with their own hearts. In early life, all our conversation is with external objects ; we receive pleasure from

our senses only; but as we become more rational, we naturally learn to converse with our own minds, to examine our store of materials there, and find our most innocent and interesting enjoyments within. These sources are more abundant, and more easy of attainment, than those which depend on external causes. As God, then, gave me a rational mind, and placed me under the care of a kind and affectionate Parent, who spared no pains to cultivate its powers, I hope I shall not suffer them to remain useless or dormant. In an especial manner, too, am I bound to thank God on this day, for the great blessing I enjoy in belonging to a good and virtuous man—one who walks humbly with his God, is kind to his fellow creatures, and most tender, most affectionate to me. . . . It has pleased God, in short, to grant me all that is necessary to make a human being happy. If I feel any thing wanting, it must be in my own mind. All advance in virtue will advance my happiness; but all that can be conferred to make me happy, God has been pleased to bestow. May it please Him to grant me the influence of His Holy Spirit, that may work within me, and produce daily more gratitude to my Maker, more penitence for my faults, and a more earnest desire

of improvement. I have much to do with my own mind, much to correct there, and much to promote and to excite. But I have also to prepare for any change of events that might occur; for the loss of blessings which I now so truly enjoy: I know and see that the course of this world cannot always be prosperous, and therefore it must be necessary to stand prepared for those changes which any day may produce. If I put my whole trust in God now, He will not fail or forsake me when the day of sorrow comes. Therefore, it shall be my business to improve in piety and devotion, to place my whole trust and reliance on Him, and never to fear the want of protection and comfort, even in the midst of the worst of worldly evils.

S——, March 1, 1814

I COULD wish the season of Lent to be one in which the Mind is more especially active in forming good resolutions, in discussing good thoughts, indulging pious and holy meditations, and gathering renewed strength and vigour for all the actions and occurrences to which she may be called. Such exercise is good for her at all seasons; but now, when called upon by the Ordinances of the Church, when incited by the

example of all preceding ages, I do not know how we can excuse ourselves from some effort towards it, even though our efforts should prove ineffectual. Perhaps the first necessary step to enable us to raise our minds to the happy future, is to look within, to study well all our faults, and to bring ourselves to repentance upon those especial points in which we feel ourselves most liable to err. We all know that repentance is a duty appropriate to Lent; but to make it more useful, it should not be alone a general repentance for all we have done wrong, but extended to each individual circumstance of our heart, or temper, or conduct, of which our conscience, upon a strict review, does not approve. This indeed will be attended with some trouble. but it is a trouble which we ought not to shrink from. When we can by prayer and submission subdue these enemies to our peace, good and holy thoughts will quickly enter, and cheer the Soul after her painful and arduous labour. These good thoughts and pious meditations, without unfitting us for our sojourn here, will yet open to us a prospect of those heavenly joys which all sincere Christians may, by the blessing of Jesus Christ, hereafter inherit. These thoughts bring peace to the sorrowful, and

confirm the contentment of the happy. They lull our cares, they appease our anger, they make us joyous and grateful—they teach us to love all who may share with us in eternal bliss—to pity and pray for all who by a wrong course of life have estranged themselves from Divine mercy.

May 22, 1814.

MAN was formed by his Creator to take pleasure in the society of his fellow-creatures, and even to stand in need of it; but society is meant to be a relief, and not a burden to him; he is to cultivate it as a source of relaxation, not to consider it as the occupation or business of life. We should take it at our leisure hours, to fill up the interval of more serious pursuits. The duties of society should never break in upon our time, harass our bodies, or exhaust our purses—they should be our amusement, and be subservient to the main duties of life, of which every Christian has sufficient to fill many hours in every day. We may then consider that we abuse this privilege of associating with our fellow-creatures, when by so doing we break our rest, or that of those depending on us—when we exhaust our frames either of body or mind, so as to need time and rest to restore

us—when we expend so much money in entertaining our Friends, as to impoverish ourselves, our Children, or those who have a claim on our bounty. Hospitality is enjoined us by our Religion, but not in the manner it is too commonly practised: hospitality consists in giving food to those who want, and in the modest entertainment of our friends, our neighbours, and relations: it abhors all ostentation and undue expense.

W — H —, (Whit Sunday) 1814.

SOME few thoughts upon this day, however hasty and unconnected, I cannot resist. It is a day of the highest importance to Christians, on which we commemorate the first descent of the Holy Spirit upon earth. Our Saviour having endured every extremity of suffering, having offered an example of every virtue to man, and being ascended to the right hand of God, to fulfil the promises He made to His followers upon earth; still would not leave them comfortless. Seeing how frail, how feeble a creature man is, how incapable of forming a pure and righteous plan of life, and how incapable of executing any plan and mode of life that might be recommended to him, He sent down that Holy Spirit of God to work in the hearts and minds of men—to

give them courage in resisting evil, and energy in pursuing what is good—to help them in distress, to support them in sorrow, to suggest good thoughts, and prosper good undertakings. This office the Holy Ghost then amply performed towards the Apostles and suffering Christians; and this office He does still most graciously perform towards all pure and holy-minded men—to all who are meek and lowly, diligent and active in their calling. I do most humbly and gratefully acknowledge the blessing of such a Comforter; I have felt how He could speak peace to my heart when in the midst of sorrow; I hope I did not neglect to cultivate His aid and support, and I hope I never shall prove undeserving of the blessings He imparts. More especially I am disposed to request His gracious influence at this season. I have long been in possession of some of the best blessings life can bestow; I feel these blessings, great as they are, likely to receive an increase by a settled country residence in one of the most beautiful spots this kingdom can boast: I know the treacherous influence of pleasure, I know it is liable to make the heart light and thoughtless, proud of its enjoyments, and heedless of the great Giver. Grant, O God, that this may not

and going to Tunbridge to find health, like myself; some gay, and going to the same place to seek dissipation; some take it in their way to or from school, with hearts light or heavy, according to the direction in which the horses' heads are turned. Though it is many years since I travelled either to or from school, I can well remember the gay, bounding spirits, that gave life and cheerfulness to every scene, though covered with frost and snow, in going homeward; and the sad heavy heart, that clouded the brightest sunshine on the return. Some guests arrive cold and shivering, some scorched with a hot sun, some dripping wet, some merry, some cross, some pleased. Now to all these various guests, with all their various aspects, does the landlady uniformly appear with one and the same countenance, always smiling, always civil: nor need we wonder, for, however her guests may be moved by the various causes that have produced gloom and discomfort, or pleasure and joy, by the way, she is swayed by neither: here she remains stationary with one object, the hope that customers will arrive; let them but arrive, her business is done—they must pay, and she must profit: their pleasure or their pain is nothing to her, their money is

all she wants, and that all must pay. As this is all her concern, probably she speculates no farther, and considers no farther about her guests, than as to their means of doing this. To her it is important whether they travel with four horses or one, with servants or no servants, because, according to this, her purse is filled and her livelihood gained. But how many are there in the world, who estimate their Acquaintance in the same way, without having the same excuse for doing so as the landlady. Surely those who are to have intellectual intercourse with each other, might bestow a thought upon the minds as well as the possessions of those with whom they are connected. If indeed we had no sense but that of seeing, we might be best pleased with what most gratified our eyes, gay attire, gay equipages. gay furniture. But we have ears too, as well as eyes, and reflecting powers; and those with whom we pass our time must address themselves to our ears, and must leave impressions which will pass in review before our thoughts when we no longer see them. Every person whose society we frequent will infallibly excite thoughts, affections and recollections, in his absence, which will be good or bad, pleasing or unpleasing, profitable or inju-

rious, not according to the impression he has made on our sight, but according as he touches our heart and understanding. Our happiness and our virtue depend on the improvement which these should be continually making. It is well known that the mind of man is never stationary: If we do not with pains and care cultivate and enlarge its powers, it will of itself shrink back and deteriorate. Neither can the heart of man be in a state of indifference—it is open to the social affections, to goodness and benevolence, to the love of our fellow-creatures, and veneration of God—or, it is cold and close. We all know how much our comfort in life depends on each other. None can be happy who do not promote the happiness of others; none can be joyous, who do not impart joy; none beloved, who do not love again. How, then, can we fail to see and feel, that to our own hearts we must look as the true source of happiness, which does not depend on externals, though we can never hope to be wholly insensible to them. . .

W — H ———, June 26, 1814.

GRATITUDE is of all virtues that which brings the most immediate return of happiness to its possessor. Those, indeed, who know not the

joyous feelings which gratitude is capable of exciting, are ignorant of some of the most lively and pleasing sensations of the human heart. There is not that human being in existence, who has not more or less cause for gratitude, to God, to his relations, to his friends, to his fellow-creatures. None ever owed more to God, and to all the various connections in life, than myself. From the earliest period I can remember, I have been in the enjoyment of some of the best blessings that life can bestow :—Born in a Christian country, living under the eye of a tender Parent, enjoying the society of indulging friends, with a fair share of health, of mental powers, and all means afforded me of improving those powers. To these, of late years, have been added, the society, affection, and tenderness of the best of Husbands,—a healthy, happy, intelligent Child,—with other near and close Connections, from all of whom I meet with regard and feeling, and have not in my heart one aching spot, not one excuse for depression and despondency, though some for anxiety on account of those I love. But if I attempt to enumerate all the many causes I have to approach God with a bounding, grateful heart, I must not forget to add, improved health and an increase of worldly

riches ; besides my share in the general joy for the restoration of Peace to us and to Europe, after so many years of strife and bloodshed. Now, each of these blessings is bestowed on me in mercy ; and if I am so insensible as not to feel the wisdom and goodness of the Great Giver, if I do not improve in love and piety in proportion as I am blessed, then shall I bring sorrow on my head, which will be requisite to awaken me to a right and just sense of things, and rouse me from my insensibility. We know full well that we seldom bestow favours on our fellow-creatures, but we expect a return of goodwill and service ; and in proportion to that we give, so do we expect the return should be. This being the case with the poor services we are enabled to render each other, how should we feel, when we are conscious of an accumulation of benefits showered on our heads from above ? How should *I* feel, who acknowledge that when I look around me, among all the individuals of my acquaintance, I know not one whose lot more abounds with blessings than my own ? Should it not be the subject of my thoughts, the employment of my time, the theme of my prayers, to endeavour to improve in every virtue, to increase in love and piety—to become more

meek and lowly, more kind to others, more assiduous in every duty incumbent on me? O God, Almighty Father! assist and protect me; pardon my errors, and grant me to attain eternal happiness through the merits of Jesus Christ. Amen.

W—— H——, July 11, 1814.

THE quiet scenery of a pretty country Village has every right to excite feelings within us far different from ~~un~~noisy and tumultuous City. Its habitations and inhabitants are all so unlike, their views and occupations so distinct, their pleasures, their virtues, and even their failings, so wholly dissimilar. Here, the houses are few in number, small in size, and spare of furniture. Their inhabitants are early abroad, their meals scanty, their garments few and unornamented, their occupation such as to leave little leisure for amusement or reflection; their daily concern being, to provide food and clothing for themselves and families: and while they can do this, and keep their houses proof against the inclemencies of the seasons, they are satisfied that their temporal concerns are all well as they can hope, almost as they can wish. Now, turn the picture. In a populous City, the greater part, it may be said, toil to provide the com-

forts and luxuries of the rich ; but what do the rich themselves do ? they live in houses large and magnificent, their furniture splendid, and abounding in articles intended more for show than for use ; they themselves return late to their homes, and arise at a late hour on the morrow ; their meals are costly and abundant, their garments rich and superfluous ; their occupation is but how to provide scenes of amusement, and banish reflection ; ~~their~~ daily concern being to fill up time, to provide acquaintance, and promote the temporal interest of their children : and while they can do this, and keep their own station in society, they also are satisfied that they have done all they hoped to do for their children's welfare. Now, assuredly, wherever we are, so much are we disposed to take part with those around us, to enter into their views, their wishes, and their hopes, that we cannot if we would resist thinking, wishing, and hoping in some measure as they do. It is a feeling implanted by God in our hearts ; and probably no man ever yet lived, who did not feel his judgment biassed and his conduct influenced by the ways and customs of those under his eye. While, then, I am in London, I must a *little* think of dinners, dress, concerts, balls,

entertainments, and splendour ; and while here, my thoughts will involuntarily turn upon relieving distress, soothing sorrow, providing simple food and common clothing for those who I see and know cannot provide it for themselves.

The natural features, too, on which the eye rests here, are totally distinct from those which a populous city affords. Here, the hand of man has done but little towards covering the ground on which I look ; hills, dales, brooks and groves, are all conspicuous, formed by the hand of God, and displaying in every point of view the power and excellence of their Great Maker. There, the ground is covered, I might say loaded, by the habitations of men, reared by themselves, and packed in such close ranks, that scarce do they leave themselves the light of heaven or a view of the beautiful canopy which God has spread over us. All that He has put under our feet is completely concealed, and vegetation in every part shut out. Man is there triumphant ; he enjoys his abode to himself, to the utter exclusion of every other animal of the creation, except those he keeps for his own use. Here, we share the blessings of life with those creatures which God has made for our use and com-

long recess here: this does not, it is true, prepare us for leaving it with light hearts; on the contrary, I feel as if leaving my best friends—scenes that please, with employments that delight, and avocations that improve. But it is duty that calls us away, and duties cheerfully executed are the best proof we can give of ready, grateful, and obedient hearts. Had we nothing to do in this life but what was pleasing, where would be the merit in being pleased? We know it is not upon these terms we are sent into life: God sent us here to fit ourselves for eternity, but this preparation is not to be made by doing our own wills; it is made by doing those things we are called upon to fulfil, and doing all with good will and alacrity. We go to enjoy still the society of those we love best; our principles of action will be the same, though the actions themselves will be in some measure different, and the scene around us wholly so. But God is every where; the same Holy Spirit will watch over us, we shall have the same protection from evil, and the same means of proving ourselves worthy in the sight of God. There will not, indeed, be the same visible works of His Creation before our eyes, not the same calls upon us for admiration of His works, not the same op-

portunity of doing active good, and witnessing diligence and industry in an humble calling. But we shall have the same or more occasions of submitting our wills to that of God, the same means of loving, serving and obeying Him, and of making a progress towards everlasting life and happiness. Let, then, right thoughts and right affections take possession of my heart; and if I cannot feel as joyous in going from hence to London as in coming from London here, let there^{*} be at least the same frame of mind, the same inward contentment, the same pious gratitude to the Giver of all things, and the same holy hope of doing that which He commands, and obtaining that which He promises.

W—II—, Feb. 5th, 1815.

FEW of us, perhaps, consider how much freedom of action and how much range of thought is allowed us by our Great Maker. We are too apt to consider ourselves as instruments in His hand, to whom He has given existence, appointing certain portions of good and evil in this life, and demanding that existence again at a certain period of time, which we can neither hasten nor retard. But if God does indeed keep in his power our destiny in this short

stage of existence, He puts it in our own hands to fix our fate for eternity. While here, our days may be good or evil, as shall seem best to Him; but for that endless space which lies before us in our next state of existence, the colour of it will be such as we please to make it—the whole disposal lies in our own hands. If, indeed, we are disposed to make it prosperous, God will help us by His Holy Spirit; but if our hearts are averse to those paths which we must tread to obtain happiness, He will not constrain us to walk in them. His law is a law of liberty, and we are free to obey or disobey, as we think good. Let us, then, always retain a sense of our free agency, and consider the full value of it. We think it hard to suffer temporary evils here; what would it be, if God condemned us to that everlasting state of pain, and sorrow, and suffering, which we wilfully and knowingly prepare for ourselves! While here, too, we have the liberty of indulging in a wide range of thought, much wider than we choose to indulge in. The mind of every thinking being is made capable of looking on the past, the present, and the future. The events of past ages are perhaps known only to the Learned, but the events of his own life are known to every man; and how

much useful reflection may the events of every man's past life afford him, if he would well consider and digest them. The future events of this life, indeed, are not disclosed to us, but the certainty of a future existence is fully disclosed, and might, we should think, be an object of sufficient interest to excite thoughts, reflections, meditations, that would fill many an interval rationally and usefully; yet the greater part of us, I fear, shun this great object of our interest, and dwell upon the trifling, uncertain events of the present, ever mindful and anxious to obtain some trivial advantage here, ever heedless and indifferent to the great and endless good we may obtain hereafter. Were we endued with the power of reading the thoughts of others, how few in comparison should we find employed upon any thing beyond this world. The history of the Bible is known, or may be known, to all that can read; and here is a lapse of some thousands of years for the mind to explore; but few, comparatively speaking, send their thoughts to those past ages; the present, though so rapidly passing by us, seems to fix all our thoughts, to prompt all our wishes, and too frequently is the boundary of all our hopes. God formed us capable of attaining happiness, and though He

does not allow us to taste it unalloyed here, yet He holds it out in future, in colours so radiant, so distinct to the eye of the Faithful; that it is capable of cheering every sorrowful, every painful hour we can know here. But we are heedless, unreflecting beings—we fail to use the lights God has endued us with, and then complain of the fancied hardships to which we are exposed. Evils indeed there are in this life, and very bitter they are at the moment we experience them ; but in the most sorrowful life there are intervals of repose allowed, in which we may look into the great scheme of Providence, see the plan and views of our Great Maker, and acknowledge the wisdom and mercy of His government.

March 4, 1815.

AN examination of my own heart, however imperfect, can never be wholly useless, and at this season (Lent) there is the more propriety in entering upon it. I find, then, upon every review of my own thoughts, however cursory, that I have within me the most earnest desire after improvement in wisdom and virtue ; a prayer for the influence of God's Holy Spirit is ever on my lips and in my heart ; I never put

up an aspiration to God, but this wish goes with it. It arises, indeed, from a deep sense of inward weakness—from feeling that I know not how to bear either pain or sorrow without sinking under them, unless God shall vouchsafe to send His grace upon me. A feeling also, that as I am supremely blessed with all which this world can give to bestow happiness, so I have no other prayer to offer but for spiritual blessings. I am very wanting in devotion and attention in my prayers; my thoughts wander, and my mind is distracted by worldly cares, when it should be most fixed on heavenly thoughts; but many a devout and holy thought creeps in, in the midst of other scenes. Of death I never yet could feel a fear, nor any reluctance to the thought of quitting life, though life contains so many blessings. Whether this is because I have never seen death near, or that I do not duly estimate my own danger, I cannot say; I am willing to hope, from neither, but rather, from the constant wish of my heart to fulfil the will of God, which I hope will obtain pardon for the imperfect execution. God give me grace to make good use of the time that remains to me, that I may be more fit to appear in His presence!

W—— H——, Good Friday, 1815.

As it hath pleased Almighty God to permit me to see a return of this season and this day, I hope to be found with an amended heart and disposition. Since the last celebration of this day, I have experienced another year of happiness—perhaps one of more happiness than any preceding. This, I hope, has created in my heart more love and gratitude towards the Great Giver of all things, and more desire to please Him. If I do not deceive myself, my faith and love are increased, my trust in God is more firm, my hope is more established. Not that I stand less in need of God's help or the influence of His Holy Spirit, for more than ever do I feel my own strength is nothing, my own efforts ineffectual, my own resistance vain. But I think my mind aspires more to heaven; this world has less hold upon me; my reflections, I hope, are more pious, and my wishes more refined. This season, however, requires more a review of my errors than a recounting of supposed amendments. Alas, they are so many, that they must wholly unfit me for all hope of everlasting happiness, but for the mercies we this day commemorate. Want of devotion, of seriousness, of activity, of zeal, &c. are among the fore-

most; but they are all better known to Almighty God than to myself, since one of the errors I have to pray against is self-delusion, and inattention to my spiritual welfare.

The virtue I most need to pray for on this day, is an increase of Humility—that virtue which shone so conspicuous in our gracious Saviour, and which no mortal ever yet attained in perfection. I know myself deficient in this great Christian[’]s attribute, but I am probably more deficient than I am aware of: pride, vanity, and self-conceit, ingredients in every human heart, war against this best friend to our virtue. O God, I pray to be enabled to subdue them; but I know my prayer must be daily and almost hourly repeated—my watchfulness over myself must be constant, my self-denial often repeated. Humility will teach me to be more grateful to God, more kind to my fellow-creatures, more placid under suffering, more devout in prayer—it will prevent irritation, soothe anger, and prevent the commission of sin. Humility, accompanied with Faith, could it be attained by man, would bring a balm to every sorrow of life; and though we shall always fall short of the degree we ought to reach, still it is our interest, and it

will be our praise, earnestly to seek its attainment. O God, I pray that the thoughts which a recurrence of this day has brought with it may sink deep into my soul, and produce good fruits there. I pray to be preserved from error, and especially in the education of my Child, whose soul is precious in my sight, and for whose well-doing I consider myself responsible to Thee. O God, if I fail in my duty to her, I shall be greatly sinful; but I pray for protection and assistance, and for the influence of thy Holy Spirit; I pray for pardon and mercy, and to be accepted for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

April 15, 1815.

EVERY Moralist bids us beware of the baneful influence of Pleasure; and every thinking person acknowledges in his heart that the caution is both wise and necessary. Pleasure deceives and betrays; it leads us off from those pursuits which might be useful, it gives hopes which it does not fulfil, and makes us ungrateful to the Giver of all good, for a disappointment which our own folly led us into. But there is a source of pleasure, and one which exhilarates every heart, in which we need not fear to indulge, since it is calculated to excite in us the best

moral and religious sentiments ; it promotes knowledge, and leads to wisdom : I mean, the pleasure excited in every heart not dead to joy, by the return of Spring—the renovation of nature, the birth and progress of all the vegetable blessings which God bestows on man. There is a joyousness in the scene which none can resist ; it is not man alone who partakes of the bounty, but every thing that has life ; both rational and irrational, feel new joy, new vigour. Man alone has the power of looking up to Him who gives these blessings—he alone knows from what source they are showered on him, where to return his thanks, from whence to expect a continuance of these and all the mercies bestowed upon him. Man alone knows the joy which pious gratitude brings to the heart ; only man can estimate the value of the blessings, or the wisdom of Him who created them. He can in some measure pry into the secrets of nature, and (though imperfectly) discern how and whence they take their origin. This pleasure, too, is enhanced, by being himself in many cases the mover that puts these springs in motion. It is by his industry the ground is tilled, by his hand the seed is sown, by his design and under his governance the trees are planted ; he is

allowed to work with his Maker, to say where the flower shall bloom, where the trees yield their shade, where the lake glisten and the water fall. The love of God should be ever uppermost in our hearts, and the thought of Him in our minds. But the cares, the bustle, the tumult of the world, banish both too often. At this season, however, the pious mind can neither withdraw its thoughts or affections from Him, whose hand is so visible in every object the eye rests on. There is a beauty, a majesty, a perfection in all we behold, which speaks the hand divine that formed it. The contemplation, too, of these objects, brings a serenity of soul, and leads to meditations of which this world is not the boundary, but which extend to another life, another state of existence, where perpetual Spring will reign, and joy without measure, without alloy, will fill our hearts.

I fancy, then, that the indulgence of this Pleasure is calculated to amend the heart and elevate the mind,—that all may safely partake of it,—and even that it is a proof of heedlessness and ingratitude to pass over this season without partaking in the joy, the holy joy it is calculated to excite. May God make this and every other

season useful to my mind and healthful to my soul! May the sense I have of His wisdom, power, and goodness, make me entertain more humble, more suitable notions of myself, and may I obtain mercy through the merits of an all-perfect Being!

W— H—, July 9, 1815.

A GARDEN, when rightly considered, is not only the source of one of our purest pleasures, but it is also a proof of the mercy and benevolence of the Deity. The fields contain grain and cattle, which afford us necessary food, and grass to support the cattle—the garden yields us not necessities, but the comforts and elegancies of life. God had given us all the food necessary for our support, without this additional proof of His tenderness and care. Not only He gives us life, and the means of maintaining it, but He bestows also all that can cheer, enliven, and solace us. The extreme beauty of the flowers, the luxurious and delicious flavour of fruits, the palatable and inviting taste of the many species of vegetables with which the earth abounds, should all be to us so many fresh proofs of the wisdom and mercy of our Creator. Let us, then, remind ourselves of these things, and excite in our own minds the gratitude to which such

blessings should give birth. Let us not be content with a slavish, fearful obedience, doing so much as we believe necessary to preserve us from punishment, and unwilling to add any virtue more than we think required of us ; but let us serve Him with our whole hearts and souls, and render Him all the love and homage that our best affections are capable of. Our service will then become light and easy, our duty will be our pleasure, and that which was before extorted, will now be the ready and spontaneous flow of our souls. We know how willingly we help and oblige each other, when love prompts us ; and as God has more claim than any human being can have to our love, so should we be more ready, more active, more zealous in our service to Him. 71

W— H—, 16 July, 1815.

CERTAINLY there are some days I pass here, in the course of which I experience every species of pleasure this life can bestow : pleasures of the heart, of the mind, and pleasures of sense— all accompanied with those highest and best pleasures which arise from an intercourse between the soul and its Maker. The various opportunities which the Country affords, of making

ourselves useful to our fellow-creatures, are among those gratifications which go straight to the heart : add to these, the close and uninterrupted intercourse I hold with those most dear to me, the time I am able to bestow on my Child and her little studies—the beauties of Nature ever under my eye, and which please more as they are more surveyed and more minutely examined ;—these are pleasures both of mind and sense, for they afford food for contemplation and meditation to the former, while the eye still dwells upon them with fresh delight. All these, and many more, such as the fragrance of flowers, the song of birds, the relish of fruits, the social intercourse of friends, which to me has a different and better turn here than in London, because the several objects around lead to different topics—all these excite a warmth of gratitude in the soul, that raises thoughts of its Great Maker, provokes to love and adoration of Him, causes us to make new vows of obedience and devotion to Him, and binds us more and more to Him, entering afresh with good heart and will on His service. May, then, these days of joy prove a mean of exciting me to the attainment of more lasting joys, instead of being a snare to my soul ; may they enable me to purify

my soul from every species of vice, to correct my heart and temper, making it fit to enter upon a state of lasting bliss. O God, Almighty Father, Thou knowest all its errors; and may Thy mercy pardon what Thy justice cannot but condemn!

Aug. 16, 1815.

WHEN I wish I had reached that state of existence to which I hope one day to arrive, (as I often do,) it is not that I am sick or weary of the present, far from it,—it has many joys, and (thanks be to God) my lot has been interspersed with very few sorrows,—but it is that I long to be myself more perfect. It is not the troubles or anxieties of life from which I wish to flee, so much as the weakness, uncertainty, and incapacity of my own powers. Were but my reason more powerful, and my faculties more perfect, I should see the goodness of God in all His dispensations; I should never doubt, mistrust, or fear. All this, I can acknowledge to myself in my cooler moments, when nothing external presses; but I dare not rely on myself when distress occurs. Though I fear every temporary sorrow and distress, however trifling, though I feel that the least adverse event may crush me, yet do I not feel terror at the idea of

appearing in the presence of God. I hope this does not arise from rashness or temerity, or from thinking too well of myself, but from the highest idea of the goodness and mercy of God; from a conviction that I always love Him and desire to please Him; from feeling that I am sincere in all that I profess towards Him, that I believe myself to have a relish for those joys which He holds forth in prospect to the pure and upright; and from hoping that I have so much integrity as may make me deserving to share in them. Therefore, though a weak, fallible, erring creature, undeserving of any reward, and claiming nothing from my own merits, yet have I so much trust and reliance on the mercy of God, as allays every fear of eternal punishment or displeasure. I know I am every moment obnoxious to temporal sufferings, and I fear I may not have sufficient strength of mind or body to support them as I should; but I dare look beyond all which this world can bring, and expect an eternity of peace and happiness.

W—— H——, Jan. 1816.

It is scarcely possible to look at London, to view its great extent, its variety of buildings, the meanness of some and grandeur of others, some for holy purposes, some for amusement—its

manufactories, storehouses and shops—without some passing thoughts upon the various dispositions and designs of its almost innumerable inhabitants ; the many good, many bad, many busy, many idle, many sad, many merry beings it contains—their various purposes, ages, properties, faculties—how some meditate holy thoughts, some serious, some mischievous, some no thoughts. But all these have an existence for which they are accountable ; the secrets of all these hearts will be disclosed hereafter, and to each a doom will be awarded.

The subject, however, of the present reflection, was rather to compare the different thoughts that arise, upon looking over a space of ground, such as I saw to-day from the Hill in Betchworth Park, and such a space as that which London covers. In a spot so rural, none but rural objects can be seen ; the land, the trees, the cottages, with here and there a village church. Here has been no other occupation than that which the ground required ; some life and animation may indeed have been excited by the hounds and hunters, some alarm to the feathered creation from the passing to and fro of shooters and their dogs ; some trifling depredations may

have been committed on these native inhabitants by idle boys in pursuit of their nests : but generally, these scenes have witnessed honest industry employed in gaining its own livelihood, and providing for the wants of others : the whistle of the plough-boy, with perhaps the pipe of the shepherd, have been among its gayest notes of joy. One excellent landlord, we know, has possessed these domains, and made all around him happy ; perhaps they have seen many others. But the character impressed on this scene is so expressive of beauty, of beauty imprinted by the Great Creator, that it is calculated to excite good, cheerful, and pious thoughts in the breast of every grateful Christian that pauses on it.

New Palace-Yard, March 16, 1816.

THE last fortnight has brought events so entirely new to me, that they ought not to pass off without leaving an impression on my mind. I have now seen my Child suffer a fortnight's illness, and I never before knew her experience two days of suffering. Her illness is one that few escape in the course of their lives, and which is reckoned much less serious in childhood than at a later period. She has had it favourably, for which I should be thankful ;

she has been very patient under it, for which also I am grateful; and I have experienced in the course of my nursing her, more strength than I thought myself possessed of; for ~~this~~ also I offer my thanks to God, and I hope to feel the gratitude that is so justly due for it. While I have seen her ill and suffering, of course the thought has come home more forcibly than usual, that I might lose her, and that her loss would be painful—so painful, that I should need much resignation of heart and preparation of mind to enable me to bear it with the fortitude that becomes a Christian. This thought has been revolved often; and though I am convinced that the loss would be severe to me, yet I hope my mind would be entirely resigned, and the conviction come fully home to me, how beneficial would be the exchange to her, and how wrong to indulge in regrets for her loss: for if I formerly hoped she was not unfit to appear in the presence of her Maker, the two years that have since elapsed have, I trust, done all that could be done at so early an age to prepare her for an inhabitant of heaven. I pray God, that her late illness, if it has weakened her body, may yet prove salutary to her mind, by accustoming her to sensations, which if painful, are new to

her. O God, give me Thy grace, not only to acknowledge, but to feel, every instance of mercy I receive at Thy hands; may every varied scene to which I am exposed, teach me to look up to Thee in prayer and in thanks; to humble myself before Thee, acknowledging Thy wisdom and goodness, and looking forward with humble, yet firm hope, to the change that awaits us all.

March 30, 1816.

AN equal, cheerful turn of mind, is no doubt one of our best possessions here below. We cannot regulate the course of events, nor would it be good for us that we should; but we may regulate our own minds to feel contentment under the present state of things, whether it be or be not according to our wishes. I have been looking forward with anxious expectation to this day, when I hoped to enjoy a day so justly dear and grateful to me, in the country, with him, whose birth-day was to be observed, with my Child, who was to derive benefit from the change, and with the most smiling objects and pleasing scenes around us. On the contrary, the day will be passed in a gloomy atmosphere, in London, with my poor Child again suffering from a nasty cough, which I hoped she had quite

lost, again exciting my compassion, and some small portion of anxiety. But shall my heart be therefore less grateful to God for the blessing of seeing a return of this day? shall I be less thankful for the virtues, the true, solid worth, with all the higher degrees of enjoyment I feel in the society of him whose birth I rejoice to remember on this day? Shall this disappointment of my highest wishes make me feel one jot less joyful at heart? Does it not rather teach me to have no hopes, no wishes, but such as are placed on a stable foundation, such as I may myself operate in fulfilling? This day brought into life a human being, not only kind and good to me, affectionate to his friends, invaluable to his family and children, but one who loves God with his whole heart, who shows mercy to mankind, and strives hard to fulfil every law of his Maker. For the birth of such an one I may well rejoice; for the happy disposition of events that made me his Wife, I may still more rejoice; and this heartfelt joy should be mixed with humble reverence and unfeigned piety towards Him who is the Creator of all things, and who decrees all events, both in this world and the next. O God, give me a grateful heart, with a sincere and earnest desire to fulfil

Thy will in all things; then shall my trust be steady, and my hope confident in all seasons, whether of joy or sorrow.

London, June 11, 1816

FEELING as I do, that I possess all the best blessings which this life can bestow; and knowing, as we all must know, that these blessings cannot always remain with me, but must partake of the fluctuating nature of all things here below, I much wish to be able to raise my thoughts to that unchangeable state, where all sorrows will be ended, all faults pardoned, all diseases healed, and all infirmities removed. But my mind, after many efforts, finds its powers unequal to the attempt. It can look forward to that state with an earnest, almost confident hope of attaining it, but cannot figure to itself what are the joys or what the nature of the state which there awaits it. In this inability to look forward, Memory pleases herself in recalling the past scenes of my life—scenes so entirely gone by, that the trace is but as it were of a dream—my days of childhood, which were passed in unbounded indulgence from a tender Father, and two fond Brothers—the days when I was a school-girl, and experienced much that was of

a contrary nature from the indulgence of home; but even then there were holy-days, during which parental tenderness was not abated, nor indulgences diminished. This period was followed by the days of my youth, when dangers pressed upon me in greater numbers and a more alluring form,—the days of attention, when certainly I was not insensible to vanity, by no means dead to the pleasures of pleasing, or dissatisfied with the notice I received. Of all the periods of my life, I am most thankful to have escaped from this, and, as I hope, to have in a great measure outlived the faults of it, and to have corrected its errors. I know full well where my thanks for this should be addressed, as also for the discrimination which enabled me to see those, from whom I received attention, nearly with the same eyes as I should now. After this period, came one of sorrow, probably more useful to my soul than any preceding one. Of the present, I can hardly say how full it is of joy, and how unvarying has been its tenour. I much fear I can never be grateful enough for so large a portion of blessings; I know that in return for the unmerited happiness I enjoy, my whole heart should be fixed on Him who bestows it, and I should

fulfil every duty He enjoins. Then come in the weakness and fallibility of my nature, and make me feel how incapable I am of offering my service to so good and great a Being; how often I swerve from His paths, how many wrong and foolish thoughts I entertain, how many hasty words escape me, how often in every day I prove myself unworthy of the mercy I receive: So that without the greatest of all His mercies, without the merits of His blessed Son, I must despair of pardon for the past, or any share of happiness in the life to come.

Cowes, Aug. 7, 1816.

EVERY Wife may with reason fear an occasion presenting itself to her Husband, of looking back to the period when he first selected her, first loved, first planned his schemes of happiness with her; especially when so long a period as ten years have elapsed since these things occurred. In this position I now feel myself; the review will pass in my Husband's mind, I suspect, and I too will look back upon myself (partially, no doubt)—but I will try so to examine what has been my conduct generally during that period, that the review may be useful for the future, if not satisfactory for the

past. The charms of person he then found, or fancied he found, time has since made free with. The mind he then fancied, has not, I trust, so degenerated; if it had ever any stores capable of making a rational companion, they at least have not since been neglected, or left without increase. Its powers may be, and probably are, enfeebled, but they are still cultivated—whatever graces he supposed there, more than nature and education had planted, as the delusion was his own, so must he be answerable for the disappointment. The temper, which he then thought good, mild, and docile, he has since often found hasty and impetuous, sometimes peevish—never, I hope, headstrong—never, I trust, persevering in error. Could I always manage it, and make it such as I wish, he should find it still as docile as a child's; but if I advance in wisdom as I hope to do, this improvement may yet take place. The powers to please, he might, and probably did, greatly overrate, when first he liked and loved me; the wish to please him, I think he did not, could not—for if I know myself, it is more powerful in my heart now than when I first married him. The power to soothe his anxious hours, or to amuse dull ones, he could not then estimate in me;

nor do I know myself well enough to hazard a guess how far I have succeeded : in the latter, in powers of amusement, I think myself deficient, and it is probable I am right. But to cut short my review, if I have been equal to his hopes and wishes in one, the most important quality of a partner for life,—if I have been devout and pious, if I have loved my God and sought to please Him,—if I have been willing to do good and anxious to avoid evil, if I have striven to correct my faults, and tried to improve my heart,—if there has been an even tenour in my life and conduct, and a constant desire to fulfil my duty, with a strong sense of my inability, he will, in his review of the past, forgive every other weakness and imperfection ;—he will not regret the choice he made, but bless God for enabling him to set me such an example as kept me ever anxious to emulate his virtues ; he will pray devoutly for my farther progress in virtue, and humbly hope that both may be permitted to attain everlasting happiness, and to share in the merits of Jesus Christ.

March 13, 1817.

It is good to find more than one avenue to the heart we wish to gain ; and still better is it

to find more than one hold on the heart we wish to retain. As in the case of a Wife, who probably had some share of personal attractions when she first won her Husband's heart, there was something of countenance or figure; of shape or air, that pleased him—something which he delighted in, and was pleased to make his own. But time steals all these graces, and in their place leaves grey hairs, hollow cheeks, a wrinkled forehead,—in short, effaces every charm, and leaves in their place that which, but for the internal merits, could hold no heart enthralled, and scarce retain a portion of past affection. The attractions of manner too often disappear with personal beauty; every accomplishment, every talent that a wife may possess, is of course known; and on the wane too; yet she may still wish as ardently as ever to retain her husband's affection; she may love and prize him as much as ever, and desire that he should do the same by her. But how may this be? She has still one hold on him, and that a powerful one: Esteem may retain him as much her own in old age, as love did formerly; but this esteem can only be founded on solid worth;—to possess this, she must not only seem good, but be so; her temper should be uniformly mild,

her disposition benevolent, her mind well informed, her time well employed—her efforts to please him should be constant, her character generally respected, her conduct generally useful. In short, that love which she gained she knew not how, must now be assiduously cultivated, if she wishes to retain it; and if her husband's heart was ever worth obtaining, it is now tenfold better worth the keeping. If his affection was grateful to her when new, it will be more than ever so, when time can recall a series of years that she has enjoyed it—when memory suggests daily and hourly proofs of it, when she can flatter herself that she has done her best to deserve it, when she feels her own will alive and alert to do every thing he likes best, when she seeks his society as her best pleasure, and his satisfaction as her best reward. Such an union is indeed blessed upon earth, and I am willing to hope will help to forward those who partake of it to a state of more exquisite and durable felicity in the life to come.

W— H—, March 25, 1817

SLEEP, which levels us with the lowest ranks of the creation, which robs us of all our fancied and all our real dignity among the creatures

of God's hand, is yet in truth the powerful restorer of exhausted nature: it is a refreshment without which we cannot exist; it is our comforter in sickness, our consoler in sorrow; it is absolutely necessary to us when we are in health and happiness. It seems a temporary suspension of our powers, only to give them back in all their freshness and vigour. Yet surely this necessity we all acknowledge, of resigning our powers of mind and body at stated intervals, should humble the proudest among us, and teach us not only to acknowledge our own weakness, but the absolute subjection we are under to our Great Maker. Our posture prone, our eyes shut, our limbs disabled, our speech gone from us, every sense stupefied;—surely this should lower the pride and arrogance so common to human nature! Yet we awake again to life and joy, to resume every faculty, to continue our avocations as before this interruption. Were we not accustomed to this alternation of life and death, how strange would it appear to us, to see the same body in its two different states! The machinery within, however, is still at work; that over which we have no control, that which we can neither retard nor hasten, that of which God keeps the movement in his own hands, never stops; the blood

circulates, the heart beats, the pulses throb ;— and in childhood, the growth is advanced as much when the body rests as when it is in action. It is obvious, then, that these hours of repose are given to the feeble mind of man, to his intellectual faculties, and his bodily organization ; nature still works within him, and it is one of the many circumstances that attend his existence, which should recall his thoughts and attention to Him who made him. What can more strongly mark our dependence on our Creator, than this daily resignation of every power we possess ; which resignation we make not only willingly but gladly ; we feel the necessity for so doing too powerful to be resisted ; we feel the comfort, I may say the luxury, of this state of non-existence, and we close our eyes in full confidence that we shall again awake, again think, speak, and act as we have done. It is a virtual acknowledgment of a power superior to our own, of a Power who presides over us, who gives and takes away, who watches over us both when we wake and when we sleep, who gives us all things, and who can and will preserve us to another state of existence, after a longer suspension of our faculties than that we now experience.

W—— H——, Oct. 9, 1817.

THE pleasure of seeing new objects is very great; there is an excitement, an animation, in finding ourselves in scenery wholly new to us,—in visiting towns, lakes, mountains, rivers, hitherto unknown to us,—in observing manners, customs, peculiarities, such as we had not known before:—it is a lively degree of joy that is kindled within us, not wholly unmixed with a little self-approbation of our own energy and activity, which carried us thus far from home. But there is a pleasure of another sort, in returning to our home after such an excursion—in returning to scenes where we have been well and happy, where every path and every field remind us of days and hours passed happily among them—where the eye drops leisurely on the well-known beauties, not seeking to catch eagerly every new point and turn in the landscape, but every form is well remembered, every height has been ascertained, and every lane explored. We are here content to let the objects make their own impression, without the anxiety we have been accustomed to experience, to carry our eyes into every part, and to let nothing escape observation. There is, too, a delightful sensation, after a long pursuit of pleasure, in

returning to attend to the wants and necessities of those around us : it is quite distinct from the pleasure of *seeking* our own gratification, but it brings home to the heart a feeling of joy and comfort, greater than we can hope to impart to those to whom we bring relief. We live under a merciful and gracious God, who, if he sends sorrows for the amendment and correction of our hearts, pours also on our heads many joys and many blessings ; who, besides present enjoyments, gives us hope for the solace of our sadder hours, and opens eternity to the eye of the faithful Christian.

Sunday, Nov. 16, 1817.

I do believe the love of God dwells within me, because I have every feeling in my heart of love towards Him, which I have towards those human beings whom it is past all doubt that I do love ; and I hope in a greater degree I love Him, because I feel the immense obligations I have to Him, for life, health, friends, fortune,—and all these so combined with other circumstances, as to produce a very large degree of worldly happiness. I love Him, for every object which I see around me,—for the beauties and blessings of creation, for the Sun which now shines, for the many charms of Nature, for

the air that blows, the rain that falls, for the fruits of the earth, and all the many joys which even in this transitory and changeable scene of things we all in turn partake of. I love Him also for the intellectual pleasures He has made me capable of tasting; for those resources of my mind, which purify and enlighten my understanding, and make me more capable of appreciating, in some degree at least, that more perfect and lasting scene of happiness which lies before us all, and which all may attain, if they seek it meekly, humbly, and devoutly. I love Him more especially for the hope I dare myself entertain, of being a sharer in this scene of happiness, not indeed from any merit of which I fancy myself possessed, but for the earnest desire I have to fulfil His will, sorrow for my faults, watchfulness over myself, and so much consciousness of weakness, imperfection, and error, that I rely wholly on the merits of Jesus Christ to obtain my pardon, and upon God's mercy in accepting his mediation. I know that my prayers are daily and earnestly addressed to the Holy Spirit, and therefore I hope for His influence to produce good fruits in my heart.

November 27, 1817.

THE state of society makes us all dependent on each other for mutual aid and assistance. The rich stand in need of the poor, and the poor again of the rich. But besides this, we form another link of connection between ourselves and our fellow-creatures, by the desire we all have to possess the admiration or esteem of each other. It is often said, that the confines of good and ill are hard to define; and so it is in the present case. To desire the admiration of those around us, leads us to cultivate external qualities only; to desire their esteem (provided it is the esteem of the good and wise) makes us cultivate the best qualities of heart and mind. But it would be difficult to mark the boundaries between the two, though the two characters differ widely—yet in some, in many instances, we should find it difficult to say whether they most desire to be admired or esteemed. Admiration is to be gained, by beauty, dress, showy accomplishments—all external qualities—by riches, taste, splendour. Every one of us must have among our acquaintance, many who pride themselves on these possessions, and seek renown upon no other ground. Esteem is more difficult of attainment, and requires worth more intrinsic;

the heart, the head, and the temper must combine, to procure for us the regard, the real value of those with whom we live. Esteem is not to be acquired by one or two right actions, by a solitary instance of sacrificing our wishes or our interest for the benefit of another, though admiration may ; and one cannot but fear that some splendid and showy actions have been performed, upon the hope of dazzling and surprising those around us.

We certainly are in awe of each other ; we fear the observations that may be made upon us, the opinion that may be conceived of us. We all desire to be well spoken of ; but our wishes are very different, according to the standard of merit or virtue we have endeavoured to reach. Some, indeed, set that standard low, though in their own estimation it is a high and laudable point they seek to attain—*desirable* I should rather say—*laudable* is a term less in use among such people. Some seek the applause of the many, some of the learned ; some wish to be esteemed fashionable, some witty ; but few venture to set the stake upon general good conduct, upon uniformity of character. It is easy to attain a character for benevolence,

or for attention to the duties of religion, or of a kind husband or good father; but to combine all these in one, requires a steadiness, a general rectitude, which few possess. But as few can acquire this thorough esteem and approbation, so it is not every one who knows justly how to appreciate genuine worth. The knowledge of character is distinct from any other species of knowledge; it is not to be attained by books, nor is it for the most part possessed by those who cultivate books;—it is a faculty more commonly possessed by women than by men; it requires a mind alive to what is passing around us, a cool judgment, and an unprejudiced heart. It is not always those who are themselves most artless who will the soonest detect art in others, but it is often so. It is useful to us all, to live with those whom we know to be accurate readers of character: I know I do myself always feel respect for such persons, though I am conscious they are not persons whom I should look up to for their attainments, or whose understanding I prize on other subjects. At all events, this desire to please each other is a good and useful motive; we may pervert it, but so we may all good.

January 11, 1818.

IF it is difficult to fulfil the duty of each day as it passes, how much more difficult is it satisfactorily to execute the duties of a day like this, which should embrace a review of the past years of my life—the various events of each year, the errors I have been guilty of in the course of those years, the mercies I have received during each; not omitting also a candid survey of my present situation—the many blessings I enjoy, the many errors of which I know myself habitually guilty, the many duties so imperiously incumbent on me, with those very essential ones, of habitual gratitude to God, a thorough humility of heart and mind, a perfect desire to fulfil all my duties, with a proper sense of my inability to do so without God's help and the influence of his Holy Spirit. All these topics should not only pass in review on this day, but be deeply reflected on and well digested. I know it will be imperfectly done, yet, better imperfectly than not at all. Probably all of us, on reviewing our past lives, may find many causes of gratitude; but I am sure I do. When I look back upon the thoughtless hours of youth, without the check or restraint of a mother, upon that season when vanity more especially assails the female

heart, when I had my choice of settling in life with those whose principles were so incapable of guiding themselves or me aright, how thankful am I that I escaped the snare ! When I recollect the unimproved state of my own mind, how grateful am I, that I was permitted to live to a period when, I trust, I have gained some, though a very insufficient advance, in religious knowledge. And when I look forward to the future, blind and uncertain as is my way before me, yet what hopes have I, what certainty, if I fulfil my duty, that God's grace will be with me, to support me in every trial, to sanctify every sorrow, and raise me finally to that state of bliss which God has graciously promised to all who approach Him in meekness and humility, placing their trust in the merits only of His Son and our Saviour ! To look at the present, I feel nothing but comforts around me ; whichever way I look, I acknowledge a blessing—in my Husband especially, in all his children, in their connections, in my own, in personal friends. My life has flowed on in one uninterrupted stream of enjoyment since I married ; nothing I could have wished, but has come to pass,—nothing I could have feared, but has been averted. It follows, then, that my duties to my Maker are impera-

occupied, we can speak of our thoughts and actions, we can report of our health, we can say they are in our thoughts and in our hearts—and the pleasure that is to be derived from such communications, all people of kind hearts and warm affections will bear witness to ; nay, the pleasure is so generally acknowledged, so commonly felt, that I wonder any can forbear this proof of love and affection.

Easter Eve, 1819.

I LOVE to look into my own mind, and read, as well as I can, the various feelings and passions that inhabit there. The review is always imperfect, yet it is always attended with some degree of satisfaction. Though my knowledge of myself remains incomplete, yet it is less so than if the attempt were not made. I think often upon myself, and examine my heart as well as I am able ; but without a pen in my hand, I cannot pursue the subject far. I can find within me no fear of death, no love of vice—no desire for riches, power, or grandeur. I have the desire to do good, the love of my fellow-creatures, and the love of my duty, pretty strong within me. This is well, as far as it goes, but at the same time I cannot conceal from myself that I am weak, frail, imperfect. My devotion is slack,

my prayers very imperfect, my temper hasty, my mind liable to prejudice, my sense of right not always correct, and my will not always ready to act up to that which reason says should be done. I think of my faults, but assuredly I do not discern them all, and I palliate many. I do not fear death, because I am persuaded that my love of God is sincere, that I really seek His kingdom and His glory; that I am sorry for my faults and desire to correct them, though my efforts are not sufficiently earnest and vigorous. But I exceedingly fear to see those I love best oppressed with sickness and sorrow, and threatened with death; it is here that I feel the extent of my weakness and insufficiency—how much under such circumstances I should need God's aid, how incapable I should be of supporting myself, how overwhelmed with distress, unless His supporting hand were stretched out to help me. The blessings I enjoy are so very great, that the fear of losing them is never quite absent from my mind, and I hope to improve this fear to a good end: I hope it will give fervour to my prayers, and inspire me with watchfulness in all I say, or think, or do. Gratitude, too, for the past, should be a powerful principle operating within me, to

lead me to a right end ; for I have experienced as much happiness in life as any one I know ; I have been as much favoured, as highly blest, as those who loved me best could have wished for me ; I have known many joys and few sorrows ; I have lived in a state of contentment, such as is supposed very rare, though I am willing to hope it is not so. God grant that I may prove as grateful for His mercies, and as fearful of offending Him, as I should be. God give me grace to improve the present time, and to look back upon it without remorse !

London, June 18, 1819.

I AM surprised sometimes when I think of the number of enjoyments that are open to us here in this scene of trial, where we know our joy is to be incomplete, and is to be so greatly surpassed by that of the life to come. The joys of friendship, of affection, of devotion, are of the same kind, though felt in a lesser degree, than what we may expect hereafter ; but our amusements and pleasures here are almost without number, even those that seem to belong to this world only. If I look back to last Friday though there was nothing especial in the day, nothing out of the common run --- We began

with M.'s music lesson, which being a good one, I had the pleasure of seeing her gain her master's approbation. - - - We went afterwards to the British Museum: the first object was the Minerals—their beauty, and the neatness and order of the arrangement, could not but be very pleasing, even to us, who know so little of the science of Mineralogy. Every work of nature, when looked into though but cursorily, affords a pleasure of a peculiar kind, since it opens the mind to the wisdom and power of Him who made all things; especially as in the present instance, where the object is but the stones under our feet, the greater part of which are buried from our sight, and show the luxuriancy with which our Maker has scattered beauty and utility around us. We proceeded to the Statues (for these were the only two things on which we intended to bestow attention,) where the hand of God is again seen in the talents and ingenuity He has been pleased to bestow on man, the work of His hands. Imitation, well effected, is always pleasing; the more art and science displayed in the imitation, the greater is the pleasure. Sculpture has always been considered one of the highest branches, if not the highest, of the art. The

Elgin Marbles, or those pieces of sculpture brought from the Ruins of Athens, are gratifying to every child that has but read a sketch of the history of that great republic. To look upon the objects that were familiar to Aristides, to Pericles, to Cimon, and to Socrates,—to be under the same roof with objects of such known antiquity and such celebrity, is gratifying, and it is amusement of a better sort.

Upon our return, M. had her drawing master, and here again her joyousness and delight, and her master's pleasure in teaching her, and his conversation, which turns upon every branch of natural history, upon music, and always upon something useful or entertaining, formed another hour pleasantly spent. Our evening was passed together, which implies an evening passed happily.

When we are in the Country, the amusements are totally different from those of London, but they are not less satisfactory, or of a less lively relish. The Garden employs and amuses us for hours. Visiting the Poor, and the Schools, occurs every day or on most days—in both we think we are useful, and from both we receive our share

of enjoyment. I have not here touched upon **Books**, the surest and most comprehensive source of entertainment that man possesses, and which all who have been blessed with a good education must relish in some degree, more or less. I have not mentioned the pleasures of London, which hundreds consider as alone deserving the name of pleasure; I have said nothing of the ten thousand charms of the Country, to which none are insensible but those who are devoted to the other; nor of the pleasures of Exercise which contribute equally to health and enjoyment

In short, though deep and heavy sorrows sometimes assail us, and render us unfit to relish any of these joys, yet for the most part, the path is strewed with flowers before us; and a well tuned mind will scarce ever be insensible to some of the blessings bestowed. When sickness or sorrow are too severe to admit of this species of enjoyment, higher and better sources lie open: then it is that the pious mind reposes all its griefs on Him who made us and all things; then we look forward with hope to a future state; we submit with resignation to the present, and receive such hope and consolation

such more than common joyousness of heart proceeds—whether from sources purely innocent, and which rather lead to than divert from the happiness of the life to come. I hope, and even think, it is so.

Health and fine weather, no doubt, have contributed their share; blessings which come from God, and to which I can no way contribute; but I trust the cheerfulness and gaiety they excite are never unmingled with serious and devout gratitude to Him who bestows them. The society of those I love best, my Husband and Child, both in health, both contented, and enjoying themselves—for these also my daily and frequent thanks are returned to God. The enjoyment of air and exercise, the pleasure of reading, the very great pleasure of instructing my Child, with some time and attention bestowed on those poorer and less in health than myself, have made up the sum of my enjoyments. Greater, I think I am not capable of relishing in the present state of things; and I dare hope there is not one of them that has enticed me from the path which duty directs me to follow; I even dare hope they lead thither, and are almost a foretaste of future happiness.

The only take-off from my present joys is, the consciousness, the certainty, that this state of things must change; I must know both sickness and sorrow before I go out of life: I know both are good for me, I do not wish to avoid my share of either—but my fear is, that I should not suffer as a Christian ought to do; that I should be impatient, or unmindful of the source from whence comfort may be derived, even at the moment when the events of this life fail to bestow it—nay, when they absolutely withdraw it. But, in all circumstances, we are under the eye of a merciful Father; we could neither enjoy the sun that shines, nor the food He bestows, nor the affection of friends, nor any one of the blessings of life, if He did not give the relish. Too many among us, I fear, are unmindful and insensible to the mercies He bestows. The truth is, that it is the knowledge and love of God, that is, the Services of Religion, that make us happier than any thing else can do. To love God, to serve Him from the heart, is the first of all joys, and it is that which satisfies the most: we know it is not trifling or transitory in its nature, quite the contrary—if it gives pleasure here, it will give infinitely more hereafter. I believe, then, from my heart, that my

sense of happiness is never unmixed with thoughts of God; and that no one of those occupations, which now give me so much pleasure, could either please or satisfy, if I thought it wrong in His sight. I believe my thoughts are never long from Him, and I hope they gradually fix more and more upon Him. I love Him, not only for the large share of blessings I myself possess, but for those I see showered on others, and for the virtues He has implanted in the human heart. God grant that I may continue my course in His love and service, walking before Him in meekness and lowliness, in the love of Him and those He has formed. May I gradually acquire the power of correcting my temper and cultivating my mind—improving my understanding and subduing my heart, so as finally to be found deserving of pardon through the merits of our Lord and Saviour!

London, July 9, 1820.

PLEASURE is a word of doubtful meaning; that is, Pleasures may be innocent or hurtful. Amusement always sounds harmless. To say you will give young people a little Amusement, seems the most natural thing possible, and is the least likely to excite alarm even in the most

prudent: the term is therefore often adopted instead of pleasure or dissipation, but those who use it, mean the same thing. Amusement is good for us all; and it would be sad indeed if we had not each of us our resources, that we might look to for relaxation or amusement. But when you talk of giving Amusement to a young lady in London, you speak of a scene of bustle, expense, fatigue, doubt, and uncertainty, very little connected with or implied in the original word. She must be up every night to a late hour, and not only herself, but servants, male and female, must be up too: they indeed are not amusing themselves, but their rest is broken, their health too often injured, and their morals still more so; for, what is to be done in the streets of London by those who pass night after night there, exposed to wind, rain and cold? The poor horses, too, must partake in the young lady's amusement; they are taken from their warm stables, exposed hour after hour to the lash of a sleepy, angry coachman, and at last whipped and scourged with fury, that the young lady may quit the scene of amusement a little sooner than some others. But while others thus contribute to her gratification, what is then passing in her own mind? Hitherto we will

suppose her attention has been directed to her improvement, her affections fixed on her parents and nearest relations; her joys have (probably) been many, and her sorrows (at that period of life) short and not poignant. We may fairly suppose her time to have passed joyously, innocently, without care and without thought. But with this new occupation and demand upon her time, new thoughts, new cares, new wishes, and new hopes will arise. But whether these new sensations and affections are for her advantage, either as to health or happiness, I have my doubts. With respect to health, the least injury she is expected to receive from her amusement, is the loss of bloom and of flesh; with respect to the mind, the change there is less visible to the eye, and it is less examined into by spectators in general. The least that can be expected of a young person when making her first appearance, is to wish she may look as well as others, be as well dressed, as much noticed, &c.; and it will not be uncharitable to suppose that many have the desire to excel others in these points. Now, neither of these objects, not the most moderate, can be attained without much time, thought, and expense. Will that time, those thoughts, and that expense, be

well or wisely and profitably devoted? Will the hopes and wishes, and doubts and fears, with which her breast is now first taught to beat, be of that sort that improves the heart? will the conversation that every evening occurs, be of a nature to improve her understanding? will her domestic virtues be improved in this new life? Fortunately, out of the many young persons in this kingdom, of an age to partake in the amusements of life, it is but a small part that can enter upon the full career of London dissipation; and, according to my own opinion and feelings of the effects of this dissipation, I should say, happy are those whom fortune has not placed in such a situation that their friends shall think it a *duty* to introduce them to all its pleasures. If amusement can be had (and let those who live far from London say if it cannot) without drawing on the health, the repose, and the morals of those who take no share in the entertainment—without injuring the health, or tainting the heart, or depreciating the mind of the young,—I shall ever think it is to be preferred to the amusement which London affords. But I feel so disposed to argue against these things, I know myself so prejudiced against them, that I would fain be convinced

I am wrong, and should be glad to hear any serious, good arguments, that could be urged on the opposite side. I would fain think *some* good may be derived, in return for so much injury obviously hazarded, if not actually incurred. I would, if I could, think a system of amusement good for the human heart; I would suppose it advantageous to fix the mind upon pleasure, to plan it day after day, and to make other engagements, other plans, subservient to this. My own understanding cannot suggest any; but among the many good and rational people whom I myself know, who are running this career, there must certainly be some who have motives, have reasons I cannot penetrate, which they suggest to themselves, and upon which they act. When the course of life is run, when pleasure in this world ends and happiness in the next is to be entered upon, then we shall all look back upon the past, and no doubt shall retrace in our minds, with some anxiety, what part of our existence here has most contributed to fit us for the next stage. I much doubt whether any will look upon the Pleasures of London with satisfaction, or on *any course* of pleasure. Pleasure we are allowed to pick up in our passage through life; but I doubt if it is allowed

us to *amass* it. We may *divert* ourselves here, but not withdraw ourselves either from the care, the business, or the duties of life.

Sept. 10, 1820

FEAR is a necessary engine to keep the human mind in awe of the great Creator of the Universe: I mean, the fear of temporal evil. We know that the fear of God is inseparable from the love of Him; but it is also good, and very useful to the human heart, that we should be apprehensive of sickness and sorrow, and the many evils inseparable from our state here, for, there is a levity in the human mind, which disposes it to enjoy present good, to be satisfied with this present possession, and not to look forward to the awful change which awaits us, and which will consist of unmixed happiness or misery. But the constant recurrence of misfortune among us, to some one in whom we take an interest, makes us mindful that the same thing may befall ourselves, and therefore directs us to put up our prayers with more earnestness to Him who is the giver of all good and evil, that He will graciously avert from us those evils we apprehend, or that He will support us under them. I do not scruple to confess, for my own

boured to prepare for herself; consequently, it is a species of dissipation. At home, every day has its duties which must be performed, whether agreeable or otherwise; here, there is but one pursuit—to do what pleases. In such a state, will not the mind be in danger of contracting rust, if not carefully watched?

Jolimont, July 24.

MAY it please God to give me His grace, that I may improve in wisdom while I remain in these scenes of beauty and wonder, which so strongly bespeak the wisdom and the power of Him who made them! Assuredly they draw our attention to their Great Maker, and fix our thoughts upon Him. There is no giving way to levity in such scenes; they struggle with our vanity, our self-conceit. One Great Power speaks in every feature that surrounds us—the might, the majesty of God is seen on all sides. They in some measure prepare the mind for those greater and more surprising scenes which yet remain behind, and to which we cannot be admitted while clothed in our mortal bodies.

The pleasure of visiting this country is great, but I could wish that with me it may not prove

a barren pleasure, a gratification to the eye, and the heart unimproved. I hope, on the contrary, the feelings excited here will sink deep, and bring with them a real amendment of heart and conduct.

There is nothing in which I feel myself more habitually fallible, than in the want of seriousness and devotion in my prayers;—now, my mind being here, more than elsewhere, alive to the almighty power of Him to whom my prayers are offered, it naturally follows that they will be addressed with more thought and reflection; and this effect I hope to carry away with me from hence.

Jolimont, Sept. 7th, 1821

It seems to me a great mistake in a pious writer like Drelncourt, to introduce in his “*Consolations de la Mort*,” such a picture of life, as describes it to be one continual scene of misery, from which we should be glad to escape. This is surely not a true picture of life, nor is it in any degree necessary to his subject, to dress it in such false colours. Those who are most happy here, are those who have most trust in God; and those who trust His word, will be fully convinced, that the joys of the next world

will exceed those of this, as much in degree as in duration. But however this may be, still there is much of real happiness to be tasted here. How can any pious mind look on the beauties of Nature, how can he taste the bounties which God has every where strewed in his path,—how can he feel the pleasure of loving and being loved,—how can he look up to his God who made him, who protects him, and who promises an eternity of joys immensely greater than any he now experiences, to all who love Him in truth and sincerity—and yet pronounce this life to be one unvaried scene of pain and misery, the removal from which must always be a deliverance from woe! Having, in nearly fifty years that I have lived upon earth, tasted a large portion of happiness, with very little intermixture of sorrow, it pains me to see the mercies of God misrepresented, though from a benevolent motive; and this seems the less necessary, because those who derive their happiness here from the right source, from the only true source, will not be the less ready to quit this world because they are contented here, for, their internal content and satisfaction arise still more from the prospect of the future, than from their actual situation at present. This

satisfaction arises from the hope and belief that we fulfil in some measure the will of Him who made us, and the certainty that God will graciously pardon all such, and accept them for His dear Son's sake. It is true that human nature fears death, and that we need the advice of good and pious men to reconcile us to quitting those scenes and those beings we have loved so well upon earth; and there is much in Drelincourt's work which is well directed to this end, but many parts of it are forced, and put in a stronger light than the truth will warrant; especially that section to which I allude, the Tenth Consolation.

I hope there is nothing presumptuous in the belief I very often entertain respecting myself—that I even now feel some foretaste of that joy which is prepared for us in the next world. When I feel the full enjoyment of the most beautiful scenes which Nature can present,—when my mind is upon the stretch fully to admire and comprehend the wisdom, order and structure of such scenes,—when my reason tells me that the same great hand formed me and them, that I live in His presence,—that every enjoyment of which I so largely partake,

comes to me from Him,—when I learn from Revelation, that His ear is ever open to my prayers, that He knows every infirmity of my nature, and will graciously pardon every fault of which I truly repent, and will give me His help in every scene of distress where mortal aid fails me,—when I believe in His promises, and put my trust in His succour, when I feel the joy of loving so great a Being, and the consolation that He graciously listens to every prayer put up in truth and sincerity—what is there for the moment, that is wanting to make this resemble the happiness of our next state? It is true, these feelings cannot be supported long at a time; the weakness and folly of our nature step in, and cross them with thoughts and feelings of a quite different nature; arrangements of the family, plans for the future, with many domestic cares and thoughts, break in; but this does not prevent their returning often, nor does it even create a doubt that they will return as soon as the mind is at peace, and the present cares passed away. Another source of great and solid comfort to my mind, arises from the consciousness, how many people I know among my limited acquaintance, whose lives are regu-

lated by the precepts of our Holy Religion ; how many I know, who in their lives and conduct show themselves to be the true disciples of a great and good God, and of a crucified Redeemer. A mixture of weakness and infirmity there will ever be, even in the best of us ; but the fruits of the Gospel are to be seen by all who take pleasure in seeking them, and especially (as I believe) in our own little Island. In no corner of the world is there more commiseration of the sorrows and sufferings of our fellow-creatures, in none is there a more active and ready zeal to alleviate these sufferings ; and that heart must be strangely formed, which does not feel the happier for living among such a people.

It is little to say that I am happy with so many sources of satisfaction around me, as through the mercy of God I possess ; but I hope my conduct is grounded on such a basis, that when my sorrows and troubles assail me, I may still feel as dissatisfied with Drelincourt's description of the miseries generally attendant on life, as I now do.

Rome, Christmas Day, 1821.

O, most gracious God, enable us, we pray Thee, to offer to Thee the services so especially due at this season, holily, devoutly, and with sincerity ; with true purpose of heart to acknowledge the great blessings of salvation which our Saviour's descent upon earth conveyed to all mankind. O God, let not our minds be distracted by the many sights and pleasures which surround us here, nor may our true Faith be affected by the ceremonies which are passing round us ; but may our hearts be fixed fast on Thee ; may our thoughts dwell on Thee ; may we be very grateful for Thy goodness, very penitent for our faults, striving earnestly to correct what is wrong in our life and conduct, and endeavouring to prove ourselves the meek and humble followers of our great Lord and Saviour

O God, we are still withdrawn from many domestic duties, still incapable of offering the services which in our own country we had pleasure in executing, though still imperfectly, but this makes it especially incumbent on us to address our prayers with more than usual devotion and earnestness. Give us Thy grace, O God,

to think of Thee more habitually, to be more fearful of offending, because we are more conscious of temptation; to be more steadfast in our own faith, more full of charity and good will, more anxious to please, and more active in our endeavours to do so.

We know not, O God, at what moment it may please Thee to call us hence; but we know the hour will arrive when we shall see Thee face to face, and must give an account of all
we

AT HOME.

Occasional wishes to see those objects and countries of which we read in authors, and of which others talk

Occasional wishes for some change in our mode of life; some spur to excite a new train of thought, to bring new objects to the imagination.

A want of food to satisfy the natural curiosity of the human mind.

A feeling of enjoyment, that we have before us the prospect of passing some days and weeks in the manner we best like, in the society we best approve.

we have said, or thought, or done ; enable us, then, so to live, that we may not fear to appear before Thee, but rather look forward with hope, with meek and humble confidence, trusting only on the merits of our gracious Lord and Saviour, but relying so much on Him, that the last hours of our life may be those of peace and hope and joy.

O gracious God, pardon and accept us for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.

ABROAD.

Occasional wishes to see and be with those we have left behind, and to return to our former habits.

Occasional wishes for rest both to mind and body, for leisure to digest what we have seen, and to let the mind follow her usual course of reflection and meditation when free from stimulus.

A want of energy to examine a great variety of new objects which present themselves.

Moments of pleasure and delight, that give a fillip to the mind, which we look back upon with pleasure, and which we know will form a sort of resting-place in our memory.

AT HOME.

Time passed with measure and discretion, that seems to fly, from the absence of variety.

A mind often free from care.

Too much sameness.

The cares which vex us most, are those which return daily.

The mind of man is formed so capable of pleasure, that it takes delight in repetition and sameness, and it delights in variety.

Our knowledge at home we derive from books.

Our powers of digestion in books is limited.

When we read, we take our author's word.

We may gain more wisdom at home, for our time is susceptible of a more useful and profitable arrangement.

A domestic life and an active one, are, then, like all other things, a scene of compensations; each has its advantages, each its pleasures and pains; but no one doubts that the domestic life obtains to itself much amusement and much real profit by our having visited other countries.

Florence, March 28, 1822.

O GOD, Almighty Father, I have a great increase of blessings to acknowledge at thy hands. The last ten months have been one con-

ABROAD.

Time which seems to creep, from the perpetual change and variety of scenes and objects, every one of which leaves a picture on the mind.

A mind often full of little anxieties.

Too much change.

In travelling, our hopes and our fears, our cares and anxieties, vary daily.

Though it delights both in sameness and variety, yet it is sometimes weary of both.

Abroad, from every object we see.

It is vastly less so in seeing and hearing.

When we see, we see for ourselves.

We may gain more knowledge abroad.

tinued scene of pleasure and amusement, and of such pleasure as, I hope, has increased my love and duty and gratitude towards Thee. I have

been continually visiting new scenes, continually receiving fresh proofs of Thy wisdom, power and goodness. All those blessings, of corn and wine and oil, to which Thou didst invite thy peculiar people, are to be found in this land of plenty, Not only we have enjoyed our share of these blessings, but we have moreover partaken of the fine sky and the climate which bring them to perfection. O gracious Father, give us thy grace to enable us to make the true use of these and all thy blessings; may they sink deep in our hearts, and produce a rich harvest of love, piety and devotion. There lives not that human being who has more cause for love and gratitude than I have, and if I fail to show it in my life and conduct, it is a sad proof of my weakness and imperfection. O gracious God, I can never hope to offer Thee any acceptable service; but I hope to improve, I hope to become wiser and more lowly, more humble and more meek, more kind to others, more watchful over myself, more conscious of thy presence, more fearful to offend, more desirous to please. In short, I hope my heart cannot but be softened by thy great goodness, my mind enlightened, and my understanding excited to reflect and meditate on Thee.

O merciful Father, may it please Thee to shed on me that spiritual grace which can alone make me wise unto Salvation; grant that I may live to thy honour and glory; and for this purpose, teach me to correct my heart, and mind and temper, to walk before Thee in meekness and lowliness, and accept me through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.

Bar-le-duc, May 26th, 1822.

THIS being Whit Sunday, the last Sunday I hope that we shall be without the Service of our own Church, and very near the end of our travels, it seems a favourable moment for a cursory review of the last thirteen months, which have been passed on the Continent in the constant pursuit of pleasure; and I may say (almost) in the constant fruition of it. It has been a season of much amusement to us all, of gratification to the heart and mind; we have insensibly acquired a considerable degree of knowledge before unpossessed; we have witnessed scenes of the highest interest that the world can offer, scenes of beauty, of wonder and delight; and these scenes have spoken not only to our minds, but to our hearts; they have spoken of the wisdom and goodness of that great Being who

made them and us ; they have made an impression on the mind, which no other external objects are likely to efface ; and I hope their spiritual influence will not be less durable. The mercy and providence of God have been in an especial manner extended over us during our travels, in preserving us from danger and from sickness, and I dare hope his Holy Spirit has also been with us, preserving us from any taint of unholiness, unrighteousness, from thoughtlessness and levity. If I know my own heart at all, it has never at any period of my life been more right with God, than during these travels. Two things operate to produce a lively sense of devotion—first, the wisdom, the mercy, the goodness of God, so conspicuous over all his works ; and then, the (salutary) fear which we naturally feel when exposing ourselves to more than the common hazards of life and health. But there is no doubt that so many benefits bestowed, must increase gratitude and the sense of piety in hearts not callous, or not wholly thoughtless. This being the day when God's Holy Spirit was first vouchsafed to men, first publicly divulged for the use and service of man, to comfort him under the loss of the Saviour and Redeemer of mankind, it cannot be amiss especially to invoke

His presence with us, and to endeavour by meek and humble thoughts, by pious prayers and lowly invocations, to render ourselves especially deserving of His influence and assistance. We need Him always,—to repress the vanity of human nature when things go well with us, and to support our weakness when sorrow, sickness, pain, anxiety, disappointment or danger threaten us. We need Him, to defend us from our own selves, from ten thousand vain fears and apprehensions which at times assail us, from weak thoughts and troublesome wishes, from angry suggestions and selfish desires, from a wrong estimation of good and evil. We need Him, to discourage the bad example and evil influence of the World upon our hearts and minds. We need Him, also, to encourage us in doing and thinking that which is right, in giving earnestness and zeal to our prayers, in suggesting right motives, in encouraging hope, our best hope ; we need Him to light up in our imaginations those thoughts and those objects which are pious and holy, which excite us to exertion after that which is alone good, which alone lead to eternal life. We know that He dwells with the pure in heart, and that He will have no fellowship with a proud or haughty spirit. We must

therefore, if we covet the fellowship of this Heavenly Guest, strive hard so to prepare our minds, that He may be willing to take up his abode with us. Our Saviour came down from Heaven, and sacrificed his life upon earth, that He might redeem us from sin; but He left it to his Holy Spirit to be with us, to succour us under our daily troubles and trials, and has left it to us, to invite, to invoke His presence. If we are really convinced how useful, how truly beneficial His presence will be, how strong will it make us in danger, how peaceful in trouble, how full of comfort even in the hour of sorrow and distress, we shall indeed endeavour so to search, to correct and to subdue our own spirit, that He may dwell within us, supporting, strengthening and enabling us to do those things which God has appointed to be done; and it will be equally powerful in assisting us to eradicate all those evil affections and desires, which are so inimical to our eternal welfare. To God's care, then, do I most seriously commend myself, and those most dear to me; praying, that His best gifts may be shed on us, the gifts of piety, lowliness, and obedience—piety to invoke future good, lowliness to confess our past errors, obedience to draw down blessings both here and

hereafter. I pray, also, that we may be very grateful for God's Providence, so graciously extended to us during our wanderings, that it may seriously affect our hearts, and make the past time, which has brought so much pleasure, bring also real profit to our souls, and help us in our way to Heaven.

Boulogne, June 1822.

AFTER thirteen months' absence from our own Country, how thankful should we be to Almighty God, for the many enjoyments of which we have partaken in the course of that period; for the health, the pleasure, the amusement, in which we have so largely shared. The very great pleasure, too, of finding those, whom we love so dearly, ready to meet us on our return. O God, teach us to account duly of thy mercies; if possible, to overlook none. Let us consider, not only what we have enjoyed, but let us also remember what we might have suffered, how that which proved a season of delight, might have been one of sickness, pain, sorrow, and disappointment. And after being so long absent, let us be grateful that those dearest to us are in health, and in the possession of the same blessings of which we left them possessed;

their hearts as kind, their dispositions as good and as amiable, their affections as warm. To look around us, and see so many of those most dear, in the right path—advancing in the way of virtue, loving their duty, and striving to fulfil it: this is of all prospects, that which gives most comfort to the heart of a Parent. Our lives here must be active, but to all there will be a time and season for thought and reflection; we must think, we cannot live without it; and though our thoughts are not wholly in our own power, they are very much so; we can do much to regulate and direct them. If our hearts are deeply impressed with the sense of the wisdom, the power and goodness of Him who made us, our thoughts will naturally dwell on Him, and on the share of which we so largely partake; they will dwell not only on the present, but on the past, and will naturally endeavour to consider the future, endeavour to fancy of what nature will be that eternal happiness promised to all, who, relying on the mercies and merits of our Saviour, strive earnestly to serve and please Him. My faculties are very limited in their power and capacity, but I think with satisfaction, that they are most used and most excited on the best subject, that of Religion. I hope

I do not deceive myself, but assuredly I believe it is the subject nearest my heart, that which I reflect upon most frequently with most pleasure and most earnestness. Still there is much to be done—my own temper and heart need correction and amendment, need my own watchfulness, the wish, the endeavour to do well; the most earnest watchfulness to avoid doing evil; and if possible at all times to love Him, from whom I receive so many blessings, as intensely as I ought to do.

July 20th, 1822.

RETURNED to England from the Continent, and entered on our new home at L——. Found it in high beauty, and began our abode there; feeling much gratitude for the past, for the enjoyment we have had, for the health, safety and blessings of every kind which have been showered on us; daring to hope for a continuance of God's mercies to us, and with earnest and, I trust, sincere resolutions of endeavouring to merit them, by an increase of love, duty and gratitude towards Him, by more love to our fellow creatures, and more desire to be useful in the station we fill.

L——, Sept. 19th, 1823.

ASSUREDLY it has pleased God to allow us many pleasures in this life, and even a large share of happiness. These pleasures are of various kinds; social, intellectual and sensual. I do not here understand *sensual* in the sense in which it is usually taken, I mean those of the senses; but only so far as it is natural and even allowable that we should enjoy them. Social Pleasures may be divided under two heads: the first, those which arise from the pleasures of society; those of conversation, those which naturally spring from our affection for each other, our different expressions of good will towards each other, and our desire to make those around us happy, to relieve them of any present discomfort. The second head of Social Pleasures seems to include the assistance we are able, through God's mercy, to show to our poor neighbours; the relief we are able to give to their wants and sufferings, and the great satisfaction that arises from being allowed, in this humble degree, to imitate that Great Being who gives all things to all men, and who, having mercifully bestowed on us more than enough to satisfy every want and every lawful wish we can entertain, puts it into our hearts to bestow

of our superfluity on the poor. Intellectual Pleasures are numerous and extensive ; and it is in our power to extend them farther or less far, according to our industry and our different avocations. To those who cultivate them highly, they are indeed a source of great delight ; but more especially so to those who look up in humble gratitude to Him who bestowed them, and who use them for the express purpose of obtaining a more perfect knowledge of Him ; who are thereby better able rightly to estimate the wisdom, the power and goodness of their great Creator ; who look up to heaven, and forward to futurity, in expectation of that period when we shall no longer be sensible to any but intellectual pleasures. They cheer us in sickness, they divert us in trouble ; they animate the ethereal spark within us, and teach us that we are not all dull clay, but there is that within us which can taste of pleasures, of sense and joy, independent of those which come to us through the flesh. They help us in some measure to comprehend the great and wonderful scheme of Providence, in some small degree to understand the wisdom, power and goodness of Him who formed this earth, and filled it with such wonderful instances of His love and power.

They teach us in some degree to estimate the powers and faculties of our own minds ; to read our hearts, to discern the faulty parts of them, and to be very grateful for any good affections we find within us.

For the Pleasures of the senses, too, we should not be less grateful to Him who bestowed them, for, while we are clothed with flesh and blood, we cannot be all intellect, we must always stand in need of amusement fitted to our fallen nature. The eye was made to be gratified by the sight of beautiful objects, and all Nature is filled with beauty and wonder. The eye also takes delight in works of art ; by the help of judgment, it can estimate the skill which the hand of man displays, and it feels pleasure both in what others do, and what it can itself effect. The ear, too, has its pleasures, and God also has provided sounds that shall gratify it : the song of birds, the fall of waters, the rustling of trees, the bleating of sheep, and many other sounds, affect the heart of man with pleasure. Still more, however, he is able to excite this satisfaction in himself by the science of music. This is one of those pleasures which it has pleased God to scatter on our path, and to which very few are

insensible. And this amusement may be considered the more valuable, because it does not come spontaneously, but requires both time and trouble to attain it. This time and trouble make us value it more when we have attained it. The sense of smelling, too, has its peculiar pleasures ; and this helps to excite in us another great source of amusement, the love of a garden. How much health and joy do we not owe to this ! Here again the pleasure is augmented, by our fruits and trees and flowers not springing spontaneously, but requiring our pains and thought and activity ; for, all the time that is passed in procuring a source of pleasure, is itself pleasant, from the prospect of that which will arise out of it, as well as from the activity which it excites in us, for activity is pleasure, and indolence is pain. It seems evident, then, that though God never intended this life as a scene of perfect happiness, and never intended that our hearts should rest here and be content, yet He has been pleased to scatter so many joys here, as may well awaken our love and gratitude, may make us pious and cheerful, mindful of His goodness, and very anxious to love and serve so good a Master to the best of our power. It may also excite in us the reflection—

if such are His mercies here, when we are in this imperfect state, what will be the joys, what the sum of happiness, to those who are permitted to enter into life eternal ! We shall surely adore the God who made us, with the best faculties of our minds ; we shall submit readily to His appointments ; we shall feel convinced of His wisdom and goodness, as well as of His power ; we shall endeavour to enjoy rationally what is now within our reach, but feed on the hope of those better and more lasting joys which are promised to Christians hereafter. God give us grace to be wise and pious here, and we shall not fail to be wiser and more pious hereafter !

October 10th,

It is good sometimes to be driven to have recourse to our own minds ; to find nothing external that will amuse, and so to look inward for amusement. What shall I find in mine this very dull day ? The lively reflection of Madame de Sévigné, “ Que personne ne s’est jamais trouvé dans le cas d’être laissé au milieu d’un mois,” occurs to me sometimes on a day like this ; for, when the weather is unfavourable for going out, the mind is unfortunately equally unfit to employ itself upon books, or any thing

useful and profitable ; so that without domestic society, without something accidental occurring, we must look into our own minds. What do I find in my own? Great gratitude for the many blessings I enjoy ; a consciousness that I possess every blessing this world can bestow ; that all these come from one source, from Him who gave me being, who protects and preserves me, to whom I am accountable for every thought, word and action. The next thought that naturally arises is, how can I serve this Being, how express my gratitude? By active, steady and constant efforts to fulfil His will.

On common days, various are the subjects to which we give our attention : we read the history of different countries, and different ages ; we read different languages, and various are the images which they leave upon the mind, and many the combinations these create. But on a Sunday it is not so,—only one subject occupies us, and it is not so easy to divert the mind from that one. Yesterday was one of the finest days that ever shone in the month of October, and our country appeared to the greatest possible advantage ; to-day has been a day of incessant rain, we have not stirred, except to Church ; and

all we have seen from the windows has been most dreary. I believe there is no mind, however well strung and well accorded, that does not feel this change. We all receive pleasure from the senses. Yesterday was a day which communicated the liveliest degree of pleasure to the sense of sight; to-day has blotted out every pleasing object. Yesterday we enjoyed in its fullest extent the pleasure of exercise, which is one of the most exhilarating of all pleasures; to-day has put a stop to all exercise. But we, who are in the enjoyment of so many blessings, and have all a Christian's hope before us, can never want exhilarating subjects for our thoughts and meditations. The fault is, that we do not meditate; we are all too apt to let thought take its course and amuse itself with the images that arise, and not take pains to direct it to such objects as bring profit and pleasure.

Christmas Day, 1823

It is not possible that we should by any speculation be able to conceive what would or might have been our state, had it not pleased God of His great mercy to send His Son, as on this day, to save us from our sins. We might indeed have been living under the Jewish dis-

pensionation, and have been blest with the knowledge of the true God; but the yoke of the Jews was a hard one, when compared with that blessed Gospel, under the precepts of which we are educated; and under that dispensation we might have had hearts as hard and minds as proud as the Chief Priests and Pharisees who reviled and persecuted our blessed Saviour. Or, worse still, we might have been among the Gentiles, to whom the one true God was unknown, who worshipped many gods, all false; and whose worship was full of folly and impiety. We might have esteemed pride and revenge as virtues, have pursued our enemy with rancour, and considered it a duty. These, and a thousand other errors might we have ignorantly embraced, instead of possessing that excellent code of laws given us by our Saviour himself. That blessed precept, of doing to others as we would be done unto, of feeding our enemy, of clothing the naked, and visiting those who are sick and in prison, we should not have heard of. The happiness of living together as we now do, in friendship, in confidence, in mutual esteem, we could not have experienced, for, without that blessed example of our gracious Saviour, we should never have seen, nor could have imitated those

virtues which shone so conspicuously in Him, and which (however faintly) are still to be seen in the lives of those who call themselves his followers. God grant that we may duly consider and meditate on these advantages; may we think on them by day and by night, and endeavour to excite in ourselves such feelings as His mercies should give rise to. Let it not be a cold acknowledgment, that God is good, and wise and merciful, whilst we are weak and sinful, but let the conviction sink so deep, that it shall produce heartfelt love, gratitude and obedience towards Him who has vouchsafed such blessings towards us, with an internal consciousness that meekness, humility, and lowliness of heart, should be inseparable from us in our present state. Let piety influence us always, and it will soothe our sorrows and double our joys;—let prayer be the constant habit of our minds, to which they turn spontaneously, not only at certain periods, but whenever the thoughts which pass through our minds excite reflections of gratitude, or the sense of our weakness inspires us to pray for help. Situated as we now are, there is not a sorrow, not a pain, bodily or mental, but will find its relief in prayer; there is not a loss we can suffer, that will reduce us to a greater

than when suffering, patiently and submissively, present affliction. But God knows that we are weak, and *I* especially so, and will, I hope, pardon this.

Those persons on whom we most depend for happiness, are of course those for whom we tremble most—that is, joy and sorrow are most keenly felt from the same sources; those who, when they are well, give the most joy, will, when they are ill, whether in body or mind, of course cause us the most pain.

There are certain things we may say to ourselves every day, and every day have cause to say again. It is not the *death* of those we love best, that should grieve us most, for then they only go before us into eternal life, provided they have lived innocently and piously. We cannot too much dread their acting ill, but we may be much too apprehensive for their health and welfare here.

There is no mind so insignificant, which, if it were closely examined, would not yield amusement, and perhaps profit, in the examination.

There is probably no temper as highly improved as it ought to be ; though there may be many understandings as highly cultivated as they are capable of being.

It is a great comfort, as we grow old, to find we have not yet lost the power of acquiring knowledge ; and this power, like others, will remain longer with us if we strive hard to keep it.

It is equally good for young and old to meet and live together, when they know how to conform to the foibles and prevailing tastes of each other.

L———, April 17, 1824.

THOUGH this world is said to be beset with many cares, (which we cannot deny it to be,) it is yet undoubted that the blessings which we all receive from the hand of God are many more ; and many others are put within our power, which we may procure for ourselves. The chief of these must arise from the love of God in our hearts ; and next to that, from the love of each other. It is only those who have experienced it, that can tell how great and how constant is the pleasure arising from mutual affection ; how much satisfaction arises from

every act we do, when we know it is pleasing to him with whom we live; every walk, every ride in his society, has a zest that no beauties of nature, no pleasure arising from exercise only, can excite; every book we read, when we refer our thoughts and opinion to him, is capable of affording us double satisfaction; every friend of his whom we welcome to the house, and every relation to whom we can be useful, affords mutual satisfaction. That there should be any one in the world whom we always meet with fresh pleasure, though we meet ten times a day—that there should be any one with whom we always live, and yet are always striving to give him pleasure, and these efforts we know will not be ineffectual,—this affords us a source of perpetual delight. That it should be always in our power to add something to his comfort, that every one's daily wants require perpetual attention, and that it is in our power to show this attention, that it is always within our reach to make some regulation that shall be welcome,—all these things are a source of delight that does not fade, but rather increases with time.

And then the thought should recur to each of us, if such are the delights arising from mu-

tual affection between us and a fellow-creature, will any one of them be less animating if they arise from our love to God, who we know is always willing to love each of the creatures of His hand, however poor and wretched and undeserving? This should be the first principle in every human heart; but because God knows our weakness and our frailty, and that it is more difficult to so fallible a creature to enjoy communion with an unseen Creator, He has implanted in our hearts the love of each other, and has made this affection so gratifying to us

September 8.

I HOPE I may with confidence assure myself that that joyousness of heart I so often feel, does not in any thing savour of levity and thoughtlessness; for if I know myself, there is not a possession or a joy this world can bestow that would be worth having, without the consciousness of God's presence, of His all-seeing eye—without the consciousness of living to Him and in Him—without the hope of another and a better life—without a deep sense of sorrow for my offences, and confidence that He can and will pardon all who truly come to Him.

we think and what we do? If I think much of Him who made me, of His blessings and His wisdom, will not this incite me to address Him in prayer? will it not influence my conversation with others? Can I speak disrespectfully of Him of whom I think with so much awe, and love, and reverence? And if I think habitually of Him, can I act in opposition to my thoughts? can I despise His threats, or not trust in His promises! But, while we are in this present state of existence, while we are weak and feeble creatures, our thoughts cannot be always thus elevated; for, if we employed ourselves wholly in considering the abstract qualities of Him who made us, we should neglect His service. We have all something to do here; all have employment for the body as well as the mind; nor would God be pleased to find our active duties neglected, while we were speculating on His majesty. And all that we do must have our attention for a time; we shall do nothing well, without bestowing a certain portion of thought upon it. It is evident, then, that the colour of our thoughts must and will vary exceedingly. Any new scheme or plan of life that we adopt, will of course occupy much of them; for, when we have gone on long in any one track, we

shall pursue it, as it were, insensibly. And for this reason, we often see that the character of a person changes materially upon any change of situation, from the new thoughts that the change has suggested to the mind. Matrimony will often produce quite a new character: a young person much elevated by marriage, has, I fear, too often been made vain or proud by thinking too much of the worldly advantages she gains. A gay, thoughtless girl, married to a sensible man, is perhaps taught to think for the first time in her life, and is thereby made a valuable character from an insignificant one. One who has been living in prosperity, without care or thought for the morrow, is at once plunged into sorrow by some sad and melancholy event, is taught to think of Him who made him, and is thereby made a rational and a religious being for the rest of his life.

Now as we must always think, whether we will or no, it seems important that we should endeavour to think to the purpose; and to this end we must take the matter into serious consideration. There is no use in saying, I will think on such or such a subject; for we cannot do it, unless we have laid the train beforehand.

When a lady sits down to play a difficult piece of music on the piano-forte, she knows she must think of her time, her notes, and a great many other things; but all this she could not do, if her attention had not been called to the subject at an early age. So it is with us; if we would think well, we must begin betimes to lay up materials for doing so; we must accustom ourselves to fix our thoughts, to choose good subjects, to inform ourselves on those subjects, and when we find our thoughts wander, to recal them. It should make a subject of our self-examination, and we should consider it as one of those points for which we are accountable to Him who made us.

Somerset-street, March 1825.

HOPE and Fear are passions natural to the heart of man, and even inseparable from it. Our happiness here, depends very much upon which we make most powerful. Were we indeed wiser than we are, we should encourage Hope at all times, in sorrow, in joy, in trouble, in affliction, in pain of body or mind, we should, if we had more command over our own feelings, find hope ever prevalent, ever dressing up scenes of future joy and contentment, of future ease and entire satisfaction. For she is authorized by the Chris-

tian Revelation to lay these scenes before us, and we are well assured she can fulfil all she promises. But we are here in a state of weakness and imperfection; the seeds of virtue are indeed within us, and the seeds of vice; we may encourage which we will:—the best of us, I fear, can only be said to give more encouragement to the good than to the bad, since none of us have strength and power wholly to cleave to the good, and resist the evil. Indeed such is the merciful dispensation under which we live, that even to the worst, Hope is allowed and encouraged. But when we feel conscious we do not deserve the great blessings to which Hope leads the way (which all must do, who read their own hearts truly,) then will her power and influence over us be lessened, and in her place, fears, distressing and dejecting, will harass and torment us. But those who are not immediately under the influence of Fear, still cannot keep Hope uppermost. doubts and mistrusts oppress them, and though they have really ground to hope, it does not sufficiently occupy their thoughts, it is not their resting point. Were we wiser, how should we keep our eyes fixed on the futurity that lies before us! how should we look over the black cloud, that now

perhaps oppresses us, into the clear unsullied sunshine that awaits every true follower of Jesus Christ! How wise would it be to raise ourselves in imagination to that point, from whence we know we shall hereafter look down on our present abode!

Hope remains with us under all circumstances: there is no one so afflicted, so depressed, so deprived of friends or fortune, or whatever he most courts, but he may hope for a restoration of temporal blessings, even in this life. A little observation of what passes around us, will convince us of this truth; and if we look into our Bible, that most unerring of all authorities, we shall find it confirmed there. None was ever sunk lower than Joseph, when separated from his family, his friends, his country, and confined in a dungeon under the suspicion of crime; yet none ever rose to a state of higher worldly prosperity, and died in that state to which he was elevated. Few men have been more harassed and persecuted, than was David; yet he rose to be a powerful king. It is clear, then, that we may always hope even for a share of worldly prosperity, whatever be the evils under which we now suffer. But for that better and more

enduring happiness, that which leads us to the throne of God himself, for this we may always hope; and the greater our earthly afflictions and privations, so much the rather do they lead us to it, for they are intended to prepare the heart, to humble our pride, to encourage acquiescence in the Divine Will, to try our patience, and to prove whether we do indeed love, believe and trust in God. He knows they are grievous to flesh and blood, and He has told us in His revealed word, that He will feel compassion for our sufferings. We know that He did, when upon earth, feel for the sorrows of men, and that He relieved them; and we have full assurance that He looks with compassion on every bleeding heart—that He can and does pour in comfort to all who seek it from Him.

So far, then, as we feel ourselves uninfluenced by Hope, so far we may be sure are we from possessing true piety; for we cannot truly love God, unless we believe in Him, and if we really believe in Him, we must have faith in His promises, — which implies hope — hope in Him, whose eye is always upon us, who is always both able and willing to succour all who approach Him in meekness, lowliness and true humility.

March 27, 1825.

THERE are times when we withdraw quietly into our closets, to consider of our duties, and our means of performing them, and flatter ourselves the path is plain and straight before us, and that, provided we are but sincere in the intention to do right, there can be no difficulty in effecting it. But this is not so; nor was it intended that the path to Heaven should be a broad one, and easy to find. However well we may know our duty, there will always be rebellious passions within us, there will always be weakness and imperfection in all we do. We shall be sure to find an enemy within, opposing itself to our true interests; and an enemy without, enticing us into the ways of sin and folly. It is more difficult to hit the right medium than we are aware of; especially in avoiding levity on one hand, and a repulsive seriousness on the other. The Services of the week we are now entering upon, should be enough, one would think, to drive levity from the gayest heart. How is it possible we should think of Him who did good to all men who relieved every sorrow, and healed every sickness,—how can we think of Him, dragged to a painful and ignominious death for our sakes, to save us from

evil, temporal and eternal, and yet be thoughtless and careless of our own lives? How can we know that He quitted the joys of Heaven, that He might live a life of innocence and benevolence upon earth, and yet not study that life, and endeavour to fashion our own accordingly? Yet, that we do not so, every day's experience tells us, and every examination of our own hearts. And yet every fresh view of the subject teaches us that we can hardly think too often or too earnestly upon it, provided only that we avoid so much seriousness as will make us unfit for the affairs and business of the world, or make our example repulsive to others. If we love Him truly, we shall wish to make others do so too; and for this purpose we must not alarm them with the appearance of austerity. True Religion will always breed cheerfulness in the heart; and why should it not be seen in the face? Why should we not show to others that we are satisfied with our lot here, and still more with our prospects hereafter? why should we not try to entice them into those paths, which we feel to be paths of pleasantness? Let us, then, very frequently revolve in our minds the circumstances of those important events which we this week especially commemorate,

considering how great was the love of Him who died to save us; how pure was that life which was accepted as a sacrifice for all sin; how blessed are those hopes which are fixed on Him, and how empty and foolish every pretension to happiness, present or future, which does not centre in His merits and mercies. Under sorrow, let us cheer ourselves with the thoughts of His overflowing love; in prosperity, let us check our too abundant gaiety, by thinking how great was the sacrifice made to redeem us, and how much it behoves us to regulate our hearts, and minds, and tempers, after that model which He has set us. Let us fear the dangers that assail us, but feel confidence in that arm which can and will always preserve those who trust in it. Let us drive away every presumptuous thought and self-confidence, relying wholly and solely on Him who made, who has redeemed, and will save us to the uttermost.

L——, Good Friday, 1825.

It is very natural, and can hardly be otherwise than profitable, after an absence of some weeks from home, to consider how time has passed in our absence, what blessings we have received, how we have profited by them, and

what is the present state of our hearts and minds. We have been absent ten weeks, and in that time have enjoyed perfect health, with the society of our friends, and many other pleasures. We return in health, and find our home full of beauty and comfort. Our Friends, who, unlike ourselves, have been suffering much from sickness and anxiety, are now recovering; and we have the happiness to find that illness has not deprived us of any of those we so much value. As for ourselves, God grant that the undiminished and unmixed blessings we have enjoyed, may not have rendered us less mindful of Him from whom all good things come; that our hearts may not be rendered hard or ungrateful by prosperity; that we may not be too sensibly alive to any future sorrow, or any diminution of our enjoyments; but may we have been busy to lay up a store of good and pious thoughts, of grateful reflections, of serious resolutions, and may these be followed up by vigorous endeavours to prove deserving of the past mercies, and not to forfeit future blessings by inattention or ingratitude. It is true, all things do not go quite according to our wishes; but how seldom in this life can it be said they do. If we doubt whether we are blessed, in

comparison of others ; let us look around, and see how the world goes with others. Think of the mutual affection that binds one part of the family to the other ; of the domestic comfort they mutually enjoy ; of the kindness and good will between them ; of the true Christian principles by which their conduct is regulated. When we consider these, and many other causes we have for daily joy and satisfaction, we shall dwell more on these than on the few circumstances, which at this moment go contrary to our wishes. Our Friends are kind, our home is full of comfort, our health good, our future prospects full of hope. What more can be wanting to cheer us on our way ? Consideration is good and useful always, especially at this season : it is good that we should consider our ways, that we should look into our hearts, weigh as well as we can the blessings vouchsafed to us, and the duties that arise therefrom. I am persuaded we are very greatly blessed ; and the duty that arises from thence is, more love, duty and gratitude towards Him who bestows the blessings ; more watchfulness over our own hearts, that we may preserve them from pride, from levity, or being too much elated ;—a serious resolution to improve ourselves in wis-

dom and virtue; an earnest desire to do good to all in our power;—to correct the evil affections in our hearts, and to subdue every rebellious passion; to examine our hearts frequently, that we may watch the progress of every feeling which wars against the declared will of God; to meditate frequently on past mercies; to reflect habitually on the wisdom and goodness displayed in every work of nature; to raise our hearts from them, to Him who made them; to pray humbly and devoutly for protection, when the scene shall change, and we shall in turn experience the vicissitude which attends all earthly things, when sickness, sorrow or anxiety shall oppress us. Then may we feel the hope and confidence which every Christian may and ought to feel in his Maker and Redeemer; may we feel a conviction that he can and will preserve us in every extremity that may arise; and though all earthly joys may cease, those which are eternal in the Heavens lie open to us: they have been purchased for us, and it can only be by negligence and wilfulness that we fail to enter in and take possession.

L——, July 21, 1825.

IF this hot weather robs us of some enjoyments, it gives us others. Reading affords greater pleasure than ever; and though I read all day, I feel I have an appetite for more, if there were more hours; and as one never feels as much the comfort of one's own home as in cold weather, so it is hot weather for which this home seems peculiarly adapted. And as it is a time of more stillness, so it affords more leisure for reflection and meditation, which never fail to afford some of the best satisfactions the human mind can know.

Somerset-street, March 1st, 1826.

O GOD, Almighty Father, we always stand in need of prayer to assist us in the fulfilment of all our duties; to enable us to resist the many snares and temptations of life; to express our gratitude for the many blessings vouchsafed to us; to pray for pardon of all past faults, with protection for the present and future. But we have now an especial cause to pray, that we may endeavour to draw down upon us such spiritual blessings as will enable us to bear up against our present discomfort. So great have been Thy mercies to us, that we are unaccustomed to the inconveniences and anxieties of a sick room;

but, whether in sickness or in health, Thou, O God, art still the same. Whatever may be the pain of the present moment, our hopes of futurity are nothing changed ; though sickness and some sorrow disturb us now, life and eternal happiness are before us ; and the part we are now called on to act, if well performed, is especially calculated to obtain Thy special grace and favour. And, O merciful God, while the troubles of the present assail us, teach us to be very mindful of the years of health and comfort we have enjoyed, unbroken by care and disquiet. Teach us, then, to be very sedulous in endeavouring to profit by the scenes which pass around us, and especially those of the present moment ; so that the pain we now feel may be productive of pleasures solid and lasting. We pray through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour, in whom alone we have hope. Amen.

March 8, 1826.

MANY are the hours in this life when the most cheerful of us feel a gloom, and a something like discontent creep over us, for no reason that we can suggest. In such moments it is wisest to pause and examine, if we can, to the bottom of this, which has more of feeling

than of reason in it. We shall probably, upon examination, not be able to find out any substantial cause for the depression; but if we pursue the subject farther, we may always find cause, by thought and consideration, why we should be able to dismiss it, and to establish in its place thoughts of peace, of hope, and comfort. Of peace, for nothing in this world ought long to disquiet us; of hope, for every prospect of joy and everlasting happiness is before us; of comfort, for we know that whatever is wrong, or troublesome, or vexatious here, will shortly disappear—and that to every Christian is the offer made, of sharing in those better things which are laid up in store for us hereafter. Let us, then, learn to dismiss all vain and foolish fears, all anxious disquietudes, to trust in Him who will never fail us, who abounds equally in mercy and in power, whose mercy and power have supported us from our birth, and will be extended to us as long as we pray with earnestness, sincerity and true piety. Did we but make a right use of our understandings, we might greatly increase in worldly wisdom and worldly happiness. Instead of dwelling on present discomforts, if we suffered our thoughts to take a wider range, looking back to the past and forward to

the future, to past blessings and future hopes—all our present sorrows might be lightened, the mind would be cheered, the heart in a state of gratitude, and the spirits cheerful.

Good Friday, 1826.

UPON all subjects it is difficult to us rightly to regulate our feelings, but upon none more so than Religion. On this day particularly, our feelings need regulating. We should feel deeply the event we record; we should remember it with strong sensations of piety, of gratitude, and of deep humility. But we should take care that we are not too much depressed, so as to be discouraged from making all proper efforts at amendment, nor stupefied, by a too intense application of our faculties. As it is the most abstruse of all subjects, as it employs the strongest efforts of our best faculties, so it is evident they cannot bear being too long upon the stretch, they will either relax, or be overstrained; we shall either get a distaste to this subject, or lose our relish for others.

We firmly believe that our Saviour did on this day give up His life on the cross, to save us from our sins; and we as firmly believe that

we shall be redeemed from our sins, by this his willing sacrifice of Himself. A greater obligation than this could not be conferred on sinful man, nor one that more entirely requires the sacrifice of our souls and bodies to be devoted to His service. This service will always be most imperfectly fulfilled, when we do our best ; any thing short of our best cannot avail to obtain for us the blessings promised. It is evident, therefore, that our hearts and minds must be strongly tinctured with religious feelings ; we must think often and deeply on such subjects ; we must love them, and to this end it will be necessary to think often of futurity, of the blessings promised to us, of the height of happiness to which we may attain through God's blessing, and the absolute necessity of repressing wrong thoughts and feelings, that we may finally prove deserving of pardon. We must also be strongly impressed with the consciousness, that our own efforts are absolutely ineffectual to avert evil or procure good ; and this will of itself increase our love for that source from whence this help can alone come. And if love is not of itself sufficient to work these feelings in our hearts, we must have recourse to fear also, setting before us the terrors of the Lord, the dread of

punishment to which we know ourselves liable, of which we know ourselves deserving, which we know we cannot avert but through God's grace and through the merits of an all-perfect Redeemer. Though it is always better to work by love, when we can do so, still the consciousness of our imperfect nature will teach us to use the means that most avail towards producing the right effect; and when we cannot stir ourselves to right actions and right feelings by the best motives, we must have recourse to the more slavish part of our nature, reminding ourselves, that if a religious line of conduct is painful here, how much more so will be the punishment due to a contrary course hereafter. If abstinence from pleasure, from the good things of this life, be adverse to our tastes and wishes, what will be the positive infliction of evil hereafter? If we cannot forbear bodily indulgence, how shall we bear bodily pain? If our minds torment us now with the consciousness of duties omitted, of wrong feelings indulged, of negligence, carelessness, and inattention,—what will it be hereafter, when those feelings go on with us through eternity? Let us, then, strongly impress these and all other useful lessons that we can on our hearts, promising

ourselves that it shall be the endeavour of our whole lives to improve in virtue; and let us encourage ourselves with the certainty, that if we do our part, a merciful God will never fail to do His part. Every earnest prayer we put up is accepted; we draw down God's grace upon us, and receive infinitely more than we ask for. Let us but impress our minds strongly with the necessity of asking, and then we shall ask in earnest. Let us represent to ourselves in a strong light the mercies we have received, and they must excite in us love, duty, and gratitude, and such feelings as will help us forward in the right path.

Easter Day, 1826.

It was intended, no doubt, that our thoughts should review Time in all its parts,—considering that which is past, the present, and the future; but the present engrosses so much of our attention, that we always find it difficult to give a due share to the other portions. But much good and useful information may be gained by considering the past events of our life, looking back as well as we can to the earliest events to which our memory can reach, even to our early petulance, to the first efforts we can recollect making to obtain our own will, the means taken to

correct us, and the satisfaction which we may remember feeling when we were conscious of having conquered any faults of temper, or gained any step in the paths of virtue. We may also look back with pleasure on the kindness we received at this period, on the blessings we received from our parents, from those about us ; we may consider the advantages we derived from education, advantages of which we now feel the daily comfort. There is no doubt but the present is also important enough to engage our thoughts, our deliberations, our most useful meditations,—because on what we now do, depends all the future, whether in this world or the next ; for, no action of our lives stands isolated, they all communicate with each other and influence each other : the mind, the heart, the temper, are all acted upon by our thoughts and actions, and they become in consequence fit for good or evil. It is most difficult to occupy our minds with the future ; it is an empty space to us which will be filled, we know, and we have promises in the Gospel that it will be filled with good beyond our comprehension or power of expectation, to those who do good ; and evil of equal magnitude, to those who do evil. We should think events of such magnitude would

occupy a large portion of our thoughts, but they do not so large as they should. The event is, as we think, not at hand,—the result is not fixed, it depends on efforts yet to be made,—it is spoken of in terms so vague in Scripture, that though certain, there are not features, not description enough, to enable us to decipher the nature of those joys. My own feeling on the subject is, that I shall then be free from the faults, the imperfections, the frailties, fears, and ill dispositions, which now cross me at every turn ; I shall then have no ill humour to check, no pride to subdue, no indolence to rouse, no fears to alarm me, no feelings of resentment or animosity against others for which to upbraid myself. And if it were possible to be thus free, even here in this world, how much happier should we all find ourselves ! Added to which, I shall see all around me good and happy. While in this world, our best pleasures are derived from making ourselves useful in relieving the wants and sorrows of others ; but no one can be usefully active in this cause, without feeling much concern and painful commiseration for their state of suffering. This, then, will be spared us, and we may yet perhaps be actively employed in adding to the joys of others,

though not in relieving their wants. How large a share of our sorrows here arise out of our anxious fears for those we love,—fears lest they should do wrong or suffer it, fears lest they should encounter evil, and great and painful commiseration for them in a state of suffering. One of our best pleasures here, next to relieving others, is that derived from acquiring knowledge; and a very great and lively pleasure it is; but we all know how much we are checked by our imperfect faculties, how slow and mean our acquisitions, and how soon lost and forgotten again. This, then, is a source of great enjoyment to which we may look forward—knowledge of all we wish to know, attained with ease and retained at pleasure. Think how lively the satisfaction we feel here, in our admiration of the works of Nature; how delicious is a pure sky, a bright sun, and a mild temperature! How quickly do all common cares vanish before them, and how are they succeeded by joy and peace within! What must it be, then, to live among scenes of beauty such as at present we cannot conceive—where there shall be neither cold nor heat, nothing to check our feelings of enjoyment, but every thing to encourage them!

Whit Sunday, 1826.

OUR days pass by too often unnoticed, without comment, and without any serious thought peculiarly appropriate to them. This is one of those days on which we are called upon by our Church to commemorate a singular and great blessing conferred upon us: and to pass this by without especial thought and consideration of the nature of that blessing, is neither wise nor grateful. God did as on this day send the influence of his Holy Spirit upon the world, to comfort them for the loss of the Saviour, who was then withdrawn from the sight of men, though He still watched over the welfare of mankind from that throne to which He was exalted in heaven. And that Holy Spirit whom He then sent as a Comforter is still with us, still ready to be invoked by every pious Christian, still ready to answer every devout prayer, to succour every meek, humble suppliant;—He is ready to soothe every sorrow, to sustain every drooping head, to heal all woes, to excite our hopes, and fulfil our wishes. An event so important to our welfare here and hereafter, can hardly escape our special notice;—it cannot surely pass by us like another day,—we must pause a little, to think what would have been

our state without it. Even with this Heavenly Guide, how often do we feel our need of a supporting and preventing hand ; how often do we feel oppressed by a weight of woe, which we know not how to support how often are we liable to be led astray, to do that which we know to be wrong ; but for want of good suggestions from within, we cannot resist the enticement to do that which our conscience tells us is wrong. If such is our state now, what would it have been without this heavenly Guide ! Our senses so often entice us to that which reason, and still more religion, disapproves--the customs and fashions of the world are so liable to lead us astray,—the suggestions of our own minds so often incite us to wrong thoughts and wrong actions,—that without Him we could never hope to keep straight in the plain path of duty and integrity. The cares, and vexations, and sorrows, of life are so many, and our natural strength to cope with them so feeble, that without this support from above, we could not hope to struggle through life with half the comfort we now do. Many and many are the hours of pious hope, and peace within, which every true Christian will experience when under this holy guidance ; many are the pleasing and inspiring thoughts

which He suggests ; many a painful hour does He make smooth and easy, by withdrawing our thoughts from the present to scenes of future hope and future bliss. Many are the good and wise actions to which He excites : Often does He remind us of the succour we are enabled to give to those who want ; He reminds us of works of love and duty which we are capable of performing, and which never fail to be attended with pleasure in the performance ; He brings to our recollection the example of that blessed Saviour who did good to all men, who submitted to every personal evil with patience, nay, pain and death itself, without repining ; He reminds us how great was His patience and humility, how free He was from anger and revenge under the greatest trials to which any one was ever yet exposed. From the suggestions, then, of the Holy Spirit, we learn, or may learn, how to submit to every evil, and how to make every evil light ; how to resist wrong thoughts and ill examples, how to make every hour pass profitably, if not happily ; how to subdue our evil inclinations, and to walk in the sight of God purely and honestly.

Cowes, June 25, 1826.

THERE is no moment of our lives in which, if we pause and think a little, we shall not find we have many and many blessings to acknowledge at the hand of God—blessings special and peculiar to ourselves. How many mercies does this place remind me of, which I have received ! Here I was, sick and ill, without a parent and without a home—here I am, in health, with the kindest Husband, and with a most comfortable home. Well may I feel a particular attachment to this place, since here was formed the connection from which I have already experienced more than nineteen years of as much happiness as this world can give, and by which I dare hope my eternal happiness will be greatly forwarded. Looking back on all the earlier periods of my life, when I was young and healthy and much sought after, how happy do I think myself that I did not then settle, that I was free to accept the hand that was here offered me ; and how very earnestly do I wish as happy a fate may await my Child ! It is true, I feel no anxiety about her, because the same Providence that watches over her in all things, will I trust, guide her in this also ; but, assuredly, I could wish her no greater earthly bliss than I have myself

enjoyed. I do not know that circumstances could be more propitious to her than they have been to me; and if they could, I could not wish them, for it could not be good for her that it should be so. I will wish her more pious, more lowly, more wise; and I will pray that she may be so. She is one of the blessings I owe to this place, and one for whom I have had cause to be grateful ever since she was born. May God's grace be with her, and preserve her from all evil, from spiritual especially, and from temporal so far as it shall be good for her. I have infinite cause to be thankful to the Giver of all good, that she has hitherto been preserved so free from temporal evil of any kind.

December 1826.

I AM now visiting Bath under such different auspices from those under which I have done so formerly, that it ought to excite many a serious and many a grateful thought. On my first visit here I came with my Mother, who was ill,—and in the next, she died here. I came again after my Father's death, for my own health. We are now come all well, and in the hope of finding both health and pleasure here. If it should please God that we continue well, and find the enjoyment

we expect, I trust that enjoyment will be greatly heightened by pious and grateful hearts ; for I am well assured piety is the source of all our purest joys—and it is a joy ever within the reach of all of us, no external circumstances can deprive us of it. Sorrow, which generally implies the absence of every other joy, is apt to increase and render more lively those of piety. To God I commend myself and those dearest to me, praying that his Holy Spirit may be with us, to preserve us from all evil, especially from spiritual evil.

January 13, 1827

WAKING THOUGHTS DURING THE NIGHT.

---- How great the happiness that there should be any Being to whom we may always address our prayers, with the certainty that He can and will hear us, that He can and will assist and relieve us!--that there is no sorrow, no distress, to which He cannot speak comfort. When once we can direct our thoughts to that kingdom of peace and love, where all may gain admittance through the mercies and merits of a gracious Redeemer, every present sorrow, every trouble, becomes light, because we can look forward to its termination, and can foresee that

eternal life which awaits us when we go hence. My best friends here, those who love me best; who are most touched by my troubles and afflictions, yet partaking of the same imperfect nature which I do, may not always be willing to hear and attend to my wishes and complaints, or if willing, not capable of giving relief; but He who made us all, whom we daily and hourly offend, is always willing, always able, to save and serve us. His ear is never deaf, his arm never slow to save. It rests, then, with us, to believe and trust in His power; to comfort ourselves with this assurance, and to act in consequence of it; and to make this belief an active conviction, on which we may always be ready to act.

It seems among the strange inconsistencies of human nature, to consider how much more difficulty we have in acquiring passive virtues than active. To be generous in giving, costs little exertion to mankind in general; we have a pride and pleasure in it, and we do it freely. To be generous in forgiving, in bearing injuries, whether real or unintended,—to sustain an insult, however slight or however imaginary,—requires every argument that reason and religion can

offer—and after we ~~have~~ used them all, and think we have succeeded, still our foolish minds suggest the offence in some new colours, and the work is all to be done again. Ignorance and poverty are no defence against this pride of human nature ; on the contrary, they are less accessible to reason, and more tenacious of their folly. The virtue of true humility seems never to have been known, never, indeed, to have had existence, till our Saviour came upon earth to exhibit it in His own person. It is sad to think, after having reasoned ourselves in our closets to a thorough meek, humble estimation of our own merits, a full conviction of every weakness and infirmity we are conscious of possessing, how instantly the spirit rises and the meekness is put by, when a word is uttered that gives offence, however slight. Surely this teaches us how much need we have to pray for God's Holy Spirit to be ever with us, to enable us to guard our tongues as well as our thoughts and actions ; for it is without reflection, it is without intending it, that we express ourselves with so much animosity. It is not in human nature to be capable of putting on the necessary guard ; we must look to a higher Power.

March 5, 1827.

I FIND myself in this world a very happy being, and I bless God for making me so. My infancy and childhood were passed under the care of the most indulgent, affectionate Parent, and from his hands I passed, with no long intermission of time, to a Husband as tender and affectionate as himself. Our parents are given us by nature—in marriage, we choose for ourselves: Happy the woman who is as blest in her choice as I have found myself; for I think it a prime requisite in happiness, to esteem those most whom we love best. I do not think this appears in the same light to many as it does to myself: if affection be returned by affection; it is generally thought sufficient in married life, and foibles, or pursuits that much diminish the comforts of domestic life, are little or not at all considered. But another prime promoter of my happiness, is my Child. This constant serenity of enjoyment must of course be occasionally interrupted by the illness of any within our circle, or any we dearly love, and the news of yesterday does disturb me in a considerable degree;—but the preponderance of happiness is great, and I could wish to make my gratitude increase in proportion, but I find it

difficult, though perhaps Gratitude is one of the virtues in which I am least defective.

Bath, March 6.

WE went to the Play last night, and were well amused there. When I go to such scenes, the fear of levity, and acquiring a love of dissipation, gives me more serious and steady thoughts than at other times. Probably, if I went often to such things, this feeling of seriousness might wear off. When I go with my Child, I feel it for her too. Not that I think I am doing wrong in going, and therefore am serious, (for if I thought it, I would not go,) but our mode of life at home is so steady, and I may add, so rational, that I always feel startled by the change. . . . I never do enjoy the comforts of my own home, the joy of my own employments, so thoroughly as after a little deviation from them.

March 12.

POOR P—'s cheerful and contented state of mind interests every one; and her good sense, with the few advantages she can have had, is quite striking. It seems a strange thing to say, but I do believe that the being deprived of some of the advantages of life, often tends to produce

in us a more contented, happy state of mind, than when we are possessed of all the usual blessings.

March 13.

WE had a snug, happy day at home. Why some days are happier than others, with no obvious cause, one cannot tell. It seems the influence of the Holy Spirit on the mind, which produces a serenity so much better than any thing earthly can effect; we may hope that our own prayers and meditations may help to bring down this influence upon us.

Our chief pleasures and enjoyments here may be derived from three principal sources: First, from piety and the love of God—from admiration of the works of His hands—from contemplation of His wisdom and goodness—from considering that we dwell always in His sight, even while in this world, and that hereafter we may hope, through the merits and mercies of a gracious Redeemer, to be with Him where He is. It is true, in our present weak and feeble state, we cannot carry these contemplations so far as we gladly would do, because of the weakness of our faculties, which sink under the attempt, and because, if we were too deeply contemplative, we

could not fill our active stations here. Secondly, from the love of our fellow-creatures, both ours to them and theirs to us, which afford us daily amusement and satisfaction. This is a continual source of virtue and gratification to us; it employs much of our time, much of our thoughts, and excites our best energies: it enables us in a great measure to imitate our blessed Lord and Master, who came down upon earth that He might do good to all men, and left us an example we should earnestly endeavour to imitate. Much we may do, and we shall not fail to add greatly to our own comfort, by every effort we make for the good of others. Thirdly, we have a source of many amusements, of much agreeable employment, afforded us by the use of books and the acquisition of knowledge; and when not called upon to be occupied in either of the two former more noble and useful employments, we may freely indulge in this. To those who love the cultivation of the mind, the delight to be received from it is very great: it increases upon us the more it is indulged—in health and in sickness, at home and abroad, it is a charming occupation—it enables us the more to enjoy the society of others, and to add to their enjoyments when in our society; it is a bond of union

my own imperfections and frailty to a degree that is *very* painful, so painful that I am often tempted to wish to change this existence for a better, where I may hope to become perfected. But this is not right; for it is our duty to bear even our own imperfections patiently, and to be grateful to Him who made us, that we are not more sinful, and that by His grace there are many sins and offences from which we find ourselves free.

Whit Sunday.

THIS is one of those days we should not pass thoughtlessly by. The Blessing this day bestowed is every day renewed, every day felt by us, and should be prayed for every day. It is of inestimable consequence to us, that we should know and feel how great and valuable was the gift this day bestowed. Our gracious Saviour, when He submitted to the sacrifice of Himself on the cross, said, He would pray the Father to give us another Comforter, even the Spirit of Truth, who should dwell in us and be with us. But whether He does dwell in us, depends on ourselves, for our Saviour expressly says, "The *world* cannot receive Him, because it neither seeth Him nor knoweth Him." Let us take care, therefore, that we be not of the

world ; but let us keep our hearts clean and our minds pure, that the Spirit of God may be with us, and help us in all our difficulties. And our difficulties are, perhaps, more than we are aware of ; for it is not only the moment of danger, distress, or sorrow, that should be so called,—these are what we fear, and it is at these moments that we are most ready to call for that aid which is so especially necessary to us,—but it is the moment of ease, health and pleasure, when all things smile around us, that we perhaps most need external aid. May God give us grace to see our own danger, and to know from whence, and whence alone, our safety is to be found !

L———, Sunday, July 29.

VERY hot : I was by no means stout enough to go to Morning Service. I hope I shall be able to make good use of my time at home ; but, when so languid, it is difficult to turn the mind to profit. An entire acquiescence in one's own utter inability to do good at these seasons, is perhaps the best frame of mind. Sometimes, indeed, my languor is attended with a feeling of contentment that is delightful ; at this moment, I have the wish to rally so as to be able to receive the Sacrament, which disturbs the resigna-

tion I might otherwise feel. After remaining some time doubtful, I think it wiser to give up the attempt, and pray God to accept my sincere desire of repentance, and my hope in the mercies and merits of my Saviour from hence. **Every** time I fail to get well through the Service, ~~makes~~ it more difficult for the ensuing time; and it is but too probable I could not get through it to-day.

Never perhaps do I feel more happy than in my present feeble state. I seem to have ~~nothing~~ to do, but to resign myself to the will of Him who made me. Perhaps nobody ever enjoyed more happiness in life than I have done; or, I ought rather to say, more blessings. Those who are wiser and better, cannot but be happier; but I have had mercies enough showered on me, to give me a full (yet, I trust, an innocent) enjoyment of this life; nor can I think them empty pleasures which I have enjoyed—they have filled my whole heart, they have been as great as feeble human nature can support, and at this moment that I am writing, I have not a wish of any importance unfulfilled. It has been my good fortune through life not to entertain many wishes. The love of Books

was given me by nature, and my Father's kindness bestowed such an education on me as enabled me to cultivate and improve this, and it has proved to me a source of constant innocent and increasing gratification, and, happily, my power of attention increases as I grow older.

August 5.

It is clear to me, that we may do very much to make and to increase our own happiness. There are certain things which, if our minds are well trained, will always give pleasure; and repeated pleasures, pleasures always at hand, go near to produce happiness: Such are acts of beneficence to the poor, acts of kindness to those in our own station, increase of knowledge, improvement in any thing useful,—activity, usefulness, the endeavour to make others happy—all these cannot fail to produce satisfaction, and satisfaction of the best kind. If you add to these a love of Nature, and its various beauties, if you look ‘through Nature up to Nature’s God,’ here is a source of almost daily delight.

October 14.

A SNUG, quiet, happy Sunday, and favourable for all the duties of Sunday—for attending

Church, for walking, for meditating on all the many blessings we are possessed of, for self-examination, for a review of past mercies, for indulging in hopes of futurity. All who write of this world, describe it as a scene of perpetual cares and anxieties, of frequent disappointments, losses, and vexations; if, then, there are beings to whom a gracious Providence has made it a scene of as much and unvarying happiness as can be expected in this life, which is but preparatory for eternity, how grateful should they be, how pious, how lowly, how desirous to feel and express a right sense of the mercies of Him who bestows so many blessings on them! And such are we; and God grant that we may be as dutiful, as devout, and as grateful as we should be.

October 15.

I LEFT home to-day with a lowering sky and a chilly atmosphere, and felt in myself more disposition to sit over the fire than to leave home, but Mr. —— wished it, so I went; and no sooner had I reached the summit of the hill, than I found a warm sun and bright sky. My indifference for air and exercise soon vanished, and I found all the refreshment usual from them, and acknowledged the truth of what every day's

experience proves, that there is no enjoyment to be had without exertion ; that those pleasures are often most gratifying that come upon us least expected ; that if we are deterred from the effort by the fear that we shall not be rewarded, we shall soon be lost to virtue and happiness. The still and dull aspect of the day, made me think I could find no pleasure in it, (falling into the common error, that all pleasure is to be from without ;) not considering that the serenity of the day might awake in me a train of thought more profitable than the gaudiest sky could do ; for gauds, even in the sky, are not always good for us—they send our thoughts gadding to distant spots, and excite a hurry of spirits ; but there is a sober, mild train of meditation, from which we may derive both pleasure and profit.

L———, October 1827.

AMONG so many duties as I feel and know that I fulfil imperfectly, there are some few things in my conduct, on which I dare to rest my hope, and to feel some small degree of satisfaction, as giving intimation that the seeds of true piety are within me. My last waking thought is always on God, commending myself to Him, praying for pardon, acknowledging my

faults, and my utter incapacity to correct myself of any one, without divine help. My first waking thoughts are nearly the same, though not so steadily what they should be, as those at night. I know there is no pleasure that can at any time be proposed to me, no acquisition, no joy, no amusement, that can in any degree compete with the joys and pleasures of Religion—nor can I conceive happiness in any shape, in which it comes unaccompanied with Religion;—there is nothing this world can propose, that deserves to be so called, if it does not lead to another and better world. Nor could I be content to expend money on myself and those belonging to me, without laying apart a considerable share for those who are poorer than myself. Of my time, I am not equally generous; I am selfish, in devoting too much of it to my own use, to reading, (it may almost be called study,) to exercise, and to those things which tend to my own enjoyment. I am conscientious in the expenditure of money for my own use. I feel satisfaction in having done much, I trust, to correct my temper, and mean steadily to labour at improving it still more as long as I live. I wish also to be diligent in improving my understanding, not merely by the use of books, but

of my reason—learning to see things in their true light, referring all to Him who made us—and whether I am angry, or pleased, or sorry, to consider in what light would appear to Him that which causes the emotion.

L——, Dec. 7, 1827.

O God, of whose mercy it is that we possess so many blessings (and that they have been lately increased upon us,) let Thy Holy Spirit be with us, to inspire us with increased holiness, with such urgent feelings of love and gratitude, that we may approve ourselves holy and pious in Thy sight. O God, let the days and hours that we have passed so happily here, return in our thoughts with the recollection from whom they come, by whose mercy it was that we have been so happy, and with the reflection, that there is no real happiness here or hereafter, without loving Him from whom all our blessings flow. And let us add to this the thought, that if we love Him truly in heart and mind, if we place our whole trust in Him, his peace will be ever with us, whether in joy or sorrow: even in the bitterest sorrows this world can bring, our hearts may rest in peace, in the hope that we are advancing in our way to eternal bliss, to

those blest abodes, where God is ever present, where His Son has provided a place for all who love and serve Him truly, and where we assuredly may and shall be received, if we are the meek, humble, lowly, and pious servants of our gracious Saviour. Help us, then, gracious Father, in the days which yet remain to us, to study and to obey Thy holy precepts; to show kindness to others, where we have the power; to check and restrain ourselves in every wrong thought, word, or action; and as we approach our latter end, may we prepare ourselves in heart and mind to meet our gracious Saviour. Amen.

Brighton, January 5, 1828.

THE great difference to me between Summer and Winter is in my feelings, as to the enjoyment of external objects around me. Summer objects, that is, the face of Nature with all its many beauties, bring me so near in thought to Him who made me, that it seems almost a foretaste of that better world to which I hope and trust I am approaching. The Winter, which drives us into a Town for society, shows us much of the follies of men, (though I think society certainly desirable, and covet it) yet it leads my thoughts to a better state of things, and

makes me almost long to enter upon it; always, however, with reference to God's good pleasure, and a full conviction that it must be good for me to remain here as long as He pleases;—believing, too, that it may be in my own power to improve my future state, by a longer stay in this; but well convinced also, that a stricter examination of my own heart is necessary in a place like this, where habits of folly and vanity may insensibly be acquired, without a diligent attention to ourselves.

London, March 23.

CERTAINLY our time in London has not been passed in what is called Dissipation; but there is an avocation for every hour, which takes us from ourselves. I found at Brighton, that at every pause I could turn to the Sea, and refresh my mind with its beauty and magnificence. Unchecked, uncontrolled as it is by the hand of man, it always reminded me of its only Ruler, He who rules us and all the world. There is no such check to idle, wandering thoughts to be found here. I always felt it a particular pleasure, when returning from Church on Sunday evening, to go by the sea shore. It is the only object we behold, on which the hand of man has made and can make no change.

April 6.

WE shall now soon return to our own quiet, happy home, where thought and care for others mix with all our occupations; where God's works are so constantly before our eyes, that we cannot, if we would, be unmindful of Him; where one of our chief pleasures is the admiration of His works. Here, our pleasures are very many: all that society can give to add to the enjoyment of life, is to be found here—all that friendship can contribute; but all remembrance of a better world must be sought for in our own minds: there is nothing external to remind us of the Creator and His works; the hand of man is seen upon all that surrounds us, nothing is as Nature formed it. This would make London a dangerous residence to me, I fear, unless indeed duty called me to remain here, and then I should probably feel my danger, and try to guard against it.

L——, May 25.

I HOPE Piety may exist equally in the heart without extraordinary acts of devotion, which all frames are not equally able to bear. If I understand it right, piety should be a feeling never absent from the human heart, but attend

us wherever we go, and in whatever we do. I am never more sensible of its existence within me than in society, especially when I apprehend a lighter train of thought may intervene. Too much serious application to devotional subjects makes my thoughts start aside into a lighter vein ; but if I allow myself that sort of relaxation which I feel myself to require, they will be quite sure to return to holy and pious reflections. If human nature is frail, as we know too well it is, we must allow a certain portion of relaxation, or our best duties will be very imperfectly performed.

Isle of Wight, August 7.

SAILING is a very cheerful recreation, and a healthy one. Nature is here very lovely, and she is to be seen as coming out of the hands of her Maker. But this Island has many recollections of a grateful kind for me. Days of past pleasure, and all the happiness of the last twenty-one years of my life, took its rise here. Here, then, I should be, more than elsewhere, grateful, pious, and holy—mindful of Him from whom every blessing flows, mindful to love and honour Him, to repent sincerely of all I know to be wrong in myself, and to increase my present joy, by the anticipation of better joys hereafter,

steady practice of charity and benevolence is never omitted by them. If I do not assent to all the restrictions they put upon public amusements, still I may admire them for resisting such things, if they think them wrong. If peace is to be found upon earth, it is here; and for my own share, I can say, I know many hours and days of peace and happiness as perfect as I suppose this world can bestow.

September 7.

CERTAINLY the thought of death is never long absent from my mind; and I flatter myself our mode of life here is, as much as possible, calculated to fit us for eternity. It is one of the many charms I find in it, not that the work of salvation is to be carried on in one place more than in another, for it is the work of the heart and mind, and may be done in a crowd as well as in solitude, if our duty calls us into a crowd; but if it does not, retirement has many advantages, in aiding the mind to fit itself for those higher scenes which so entirely exceed our comprehension now.

September 12.

PASSED half an hour satisfactorily and most happily over "The Christian Year." That for

the Fifteenth, and that for the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity, are very beautiful ; the poetry is perfect, the devotion sublime ! Read over those on the Catechism, Communion of the Sick, and Burial Service, with almost more than common delight. I hope the time will never come when they will afford less pleasure than they do now.

October 12.

I SUPPOSE no two people ever passed their childhood and youth more differently than M. A. and myself. I lost my mother at six years old, and was sent to school. She, at nineteen, has hardly ever been separated from her's. My youth was passed in nominal gaiety, but was not really so gay and cheerful as her's, passed in retirement. I spent much of my time among people so thoughtless, that I was often the sagest among them. Her time has been spent, for the most part, with people of strict notions and practice, though not at all less lively and animated in themselves than those who put less restraint on their life and practice.

L——, Oct. 31.

WALKING yesterday under the Wood, and observing with regret how fast the trees were losing

their foliage, the thought naturally occurred, with what impatience and somewhat of anxiety I had watched the growth of those leaves—hoping for their arrival, fearing any check, and at last, gratified by seeing them come in their greatest profusion. The same train then led me to think, whether they had afforded all the pleasure and all the gratification I had promised myself from them? To which I answer, yes, and more than I had promised myself. I certainly passed more happy hours seated under their shade, took more exercise under them when the sun was too hot to allow of leaving their protection, than I had anticipated. Their beauty has excited quite as much admiration in me, as much amusement from the varieties of light and shade, from the various points in which I viewed them, as I could possibly expect. How many pleasures are attendant on that season, when the trees resume their foliage! So many friends who come at that season; the great variety of fruits and flowers with which it is attended; and, above all, the beautiful song of birds, never to be heard but when the trees are in leaf; the mild gales, the bright sunshine—so many delights which arise unbidden and unsought for, so much joy that arises spontane-

ously in the soul! But to speak of the past season in particular, I believe, during the six verdant months, that we for our own share have, through the mercy of God, known neither care nor sorrow, neither pain nor sickness. It is, then, but just to feel some regret at parting with it. And yet so great, so varied are the blessings showered down upon us, that in parting with these, and entering upon the cold, chill, dreary months of Winter, we know a new sort of pleasures are within our reach; and though we regret the past, we feel assured that we need not really be one jot less happy without them; for, all these pleasures do not make our happiness; that must arise from within—from the sense of a great, wise, and good God, who reigns above us; who formed, and still preserves us; who has given all the blessings of which we have partaken, and who will never forsake us in our hours of sickness, sorrow, or misery: nay, on the contrary, promises blessings far greater than any we have yet tasted, and which shall be far more durable, provided only that we love, and fear, and serve Him to the best of our power. The great essential, then, to our happiness, is the resolution to perform our whole duty to Him as well as we are able: and

when this resolution is deeply infixed, every action and every pursuit brings satisfaction to the mind. The Winter season, then, promises the joys of hospitality and friendly society, the many comforts which a fire-side can afford ; the great satisfaction of proving useful to our poor neighbours, the active exercise of benevolence ; with the pleasures of bodily exercise, which are not less in Winter than in Summer.

We may, then, fairly enter upon the Winter quarter with joyous and grateful hearts—hearts grateful for the past, and anticipating joys for the future ; not such as will come unbidden when external joys smile around us, but such as we are sure to find within us, if we look for them, if we consider what we are, how placed, and with what prospects for the future. The human mind was formed to take pleasure in variety, and that variety we find in the changes which the Seasons produce, and which our own advance in life produces. That which pleased the child, pleases not the youth ; and that which pleased the youth, will not gratify the man ; so that Nature itself points out *change* as desirable to the human mind.

November 1898.

It is so many years since I read Shakespeare as regularly as we are now doing, that he appears almost in a new light to me. His very wonderful imagination is not less striking than I formerly found it; his charming delineation of character also; his great variety of it, his playfulness, and fun; but I am not sure whether I am not more, than formerly, sensible of his faults. Some Plays, to be sure, are no plays at all; such as the Three Parts of Henry VI., though not without their beauties. especially the character of the King, which is so pourtrayed as no other Poet could have pourtrayed it. The contrast of weakness between him and Richard II. is wonderfully well done. Both are made to interest the reader; both, however feeble as kings, have intellect enough to have done well as private men; they are very silly in their conduct as kings, but they are not silly men. His created characters will always be the most surprising effort of genius, such as he introduces into the Tempest and Midsummer Night's Dream. I can perfectly believe that foreigners neither understand, nor like him. They may know our language well enough to see his defects, but not well enough to enter into the

finest parts of his poetry. The admirers of the French Stage, especially, must be struck with his breaking through every rule that Aristotle ever made, and every rule that has been laid down for the Drama. Pursuing the perusal of his Works, as we have done every evening for so many weeks, one is surprised (as if one had not considered it before) at the immense variety of his powers—at the quantity he has written without ever borrowing from himself. In the immense number of characters he has introduced, no two are alike; or if any, it is his gentle female characters. It is not a tame similarity of character, but a gentleness that is so becoming, one only longs to see it oftener represented. His brave men are as distinct one from the other, as if bravery were not the distinguishing feature of each. His cruel characters, too, are quite distinct in their cruelty. But he delights most in picturing a noble mind, and can picture it perhaps beyond any other author, such as the mind of Hamlet and Othello. The easiness of wit in his playful characters, seems not among the least of his many merits. If he chooses you should laugh, laugh you must, unless you are most unhappily cynical. We may well be proud that England has produced such an author, for

there is no other like him ; and he has provided us such a fund of entertainment as we cannot exhaust. He is the first author that children of any mind find a relish in ; and the more the mind is cultivated, the more he is relished. No library is perfect without him.

December 1.

By God's blessing we are still here in the enjoyment of every blessing this world can give, and God grant that we may continue to live in the love and fear of Him, without which all other blessings are vain. Happy as I am here, I do believe I shall, in all Christian meekness and sincerity, gladly welcome the summons that calls me to that better and more lasting state of things, to which all our life here is but preparatory.

TO MY CHILD.

L——, Dec. 1, 1828.

My dear Child,

You, who know so well the capricious state of my nerves, and how odd their effects are upon my frame, will not wonder if I often think that in case of your Father being carried off before me, I should follow him suddenly. Assuredly,

as long as you are single, and I feel that I can be useful to you, I would do my best to live for your sake ; but these things are not left at our own disposal. In this, or any other event that can befall you, I have great reliance on your firm faith in Him who has alone power to save, —that you will not suffer more than such a loss must make you suffer ; and that you will know where to seek for aid and comfort in your bitterest distress. But besides this, I wish to point out to you, that you will have many friends willing and able to give you all the comfort that earthly friends can give ; and from experience I should say, such aid is not to be slighted or lightly valued. Your fortune will be sufficient to give you many comforts, and raise you from any thing like a state of want. . . . But, wherever you may settle, I wish you always to be in the habit of visiting other friends, some part of every year. As for serious advice, this is not the mode or the moment of giving it : We have lived so much together, and you know my sentiments on all subjects so well, I need not now repeat them. You will never, I am sure, take any step without the advice of those with whom you live. . . . You possess within yourself so many sources of happiness, that, much as you

would feel at losing us, I trust you would still find yourself a happy being. It is a feeling, I thank God, I have known all my life. How can we live under the eye of One from whom we receive daily and hourly blessings, and who promises us far greater in the life to come—how can we feel ourselves in His presence—and not be happy? It is true, that present pain and present sorrow have great power to overwhelm us; but there should be that within us, which can rise above all outward circumstances, and make us acknowledge we are blessed. The constant effort to oppose what is wrong in ourselves, the constant endeavour to improve what is right, the desire to do what is kind to others, and what is pious and holy towards God, are sure sources of inward comfort, and, with God's grace, may help us to attain that inward peace which is the best earthly possession. I thank God for giving you a pious mind; it will help to make every sorrow light, guide and direct you in your course to Heaven, and make you deserving to share in the merits of a gracious Redeemer.

January 16th, 1829

SHOCKED to hear of the sudden death of Captain ———. Every passing hour should

give us warning to prepare for this event happening, not only to ourselves, but to those we love best, and without whom, we feel as if life would be an intolerable burthen. There is but one Being whom it is safe to love with the whole heart and soul—there is but One, who never changes; who is ever good, wise and merciful, ever powerful to save. To Him we must one day give up our souls and bodies; to Him let us dedicate our whole lives, and He will not desert us in the hour of sickness, distress and sorrow. To Him I confide myself, in the full hope that I shall increase in virtue and wisdom, and become wise unto salvation.

February 21.

READ a volume of Hannah More's Practical Piety;—very much struck with the brilliancy of her style, as well as the solidity of her reasonings. Her Works are calculated to do good, and I believe they have done much.

Ash Wednesday, March 4th.

I CERTAINLY could wish to begin Lent with a serious impression, which may accompany me all through it; for, though it is only a human institution, whatever tends to raise our thoughts to Heaven, to keep them above this world and

its concerns, must be useful: nor is it ever safe or prudent to neglect any call upon us for seriousness and attention to religious concerns.

Brighton, April 4th.

I MAY now look back on the time we have passed here most pleasantly; but for poor F.'s illness, all has gone well with us. The society has been most agreeable; we have met with people we could both like and love; and though much time has been spent in society, I trust it has been neither ill nor idly spent. The Churches here are well served. Sunday is well kept. I venture to hope that our cheerfulness has not at any time degenerated into dissipation. I am sure I have felt very grateful for being so happy, and I hope to be inspired with more meek, humble and pious thoughts than heretofore. . . . When society makes us love those with whom we associate, I trust it does us good. If we learn to backbite and to despise them, we had better avoid the meeting, for this corrupts the heart; but if we can admire the several qualities of those we live with, it will lead to loving both them and Him who formed them. And now our thoughts turn towards home, and its many comforts; very many that we find there,

be allowed to return here again, all well and happy as we are now? If not, I must hope that whatever affliction it may please Providence to send, we shall duly and piously submit to, and make it turn to the profit of our immortal souls. We have lately had before our eyes (in the S— family) so striking an instance of a due resignation to Providence, in one of the most affecting dispensations that could befall, that I trust we shall learn better to bear any sorrow it may please Providence to send us.

Brighton, Dec. 13.

THE magnificence of the Sea at this place strikes me with more than common admiration. I always feel as if it ought to operate as a check upon levity of thought or action: it comes rolling with such majesty, as if from the hands of its Maker, bringing with it a message to remind and warn us, not to forget Him who made it and us, not to be too much engrossed with the trifling realities of life, but to look to that great Source from whence we all proceed—to act as in His presence, to feel its awful grandeur, and to keep as much as possible free from folly. Whether this idea is absurd or not, I will not venture to say; but if I can draw a good moral

from it, if I can make it available to my right and serious thinking, it will not be absurd to me.

Sunday, Dec. 27.

I AWOKE early this morning, and many very serious thoughts passed through my mind on the subject of a future state, before I left my bed. The circumstances of the disease which carries us out of this world must probably be very trying, and require more than our own strength to support our minds through it. But death itself, under all the blessings of the Christian dispensation, ought not to be fearful to one who has always lived in the fear of God, in hope and trust in his Redeemer, and invoking the influence of the Holy Spirit. Such an one knows he is weak and sinful, liable to error, and incapable of good—having no merits to offer, but having entire reliance on the atonement of his Lord and Saviour. Such an one knows himself to be a sinner, but knows also that his Saviour died to save sinners, and feels confident that he also shall be accepted and pardoned.

It is surely a mistaken notion to avoid the society of those who are living in affluence like

little to these things, and withdraw them from scenes of constant amusement My own thoughts and wishes, indeed, are ever ready to turn to scenes where neither poverty, nor cold, nor suffering of any kind will have place; not with impatience, I trust, but with the humble hope and trust that God's Holy Spirit will be with me, to help me on my way; to help me to resist temptation; to assist me in reading my own heart truly and honestly, not deceiving myself as to my own faults, but confessing them humbly before God, praying for pardon, and steadily resolving to be more vigorous in my efforts to avoid sin for the future. Mr. A—'s Sermons are so arousing, they do not suffer us to slumber on in sin unconsciously; we must sin with our eyes open, if we will not heed his earnest admonitions.

Sunday, Feb. 21.

I HAVE sometimes expressed what I have always felt, that I am well pleased to grow old; and it rather surprises me, that people should wonder at my saying so: for, as growing old must necessarily bring us to the end of our term here, and enable us to enter upon that scene of eternal life and glory which all Christians hope to find in the next world, why should it be a

matter of surprise that we feel pleasure when we approach the goal? It is true, that through the mercy of God, my life has been an especially happy one; but, inasmuch as I am happy here, I hope for a much larger share of happiness when I approach nearer the source of all joy. Not, indeed, that I deserve the half of what I possess here, but I know that I do not depend on my own merits for any share of bliss, but on the merits of Him who died to save and redeem all Sinners.

March 20th.

LET us endeavour to profit as much by God's blessings, as we should have done had He visited us with affliction. Let not His kindness produce hardness or impenitence in us; let us not, by levity or thoughtlessness, prove that we are undeserving of His goodness; but may our hearts be softened, our minds invigorated; may we be anxious to correct all we know to be wrong, and strive very hard to be deserving of God's mercy in future. Above all things, may we endeavour to keep alive in our minds the recollection of that state to which we are approaching, and for which we should always be making preparation.

April 9th.

THE enjoyments which Sea, Sky and Air afford here, certainly help to make me more capable of enjoying the best and loftiest feelings of our nature, those of Religion ; and I hope the Service I am going to attend this day (Good Friday) will impress me more than commonly. . . . It was a beautiful day, and excited in me such feelings of entire happiness, as nothing in this world could increase, and such as must resemble the happiness of the life to come, for it arose greatly from the contemplation of God's Works, this beautiful Ocean, and clear blue Sky that seem unstained by any gross vapours of this sublunary world—from the great satisfaction of attending in God's courts, and being there admitted to partake of the Sacrament of our blessed Saviour—from the Society of those I love best—and lastly, from feeling that mind and body are both in that state of vigour, that I am capable of enjoying the blessings I feel. I know that all here is unstable, unlike that state to which we are approaching, and that any change with me must bring sorrow, or something like it. I know, too, that while we remain here, we are subject to " skyey influences" (no one more so than myself,) to fear, to discontent,

to inconsiderateness, to various changes of mind and temper, any one of which poisons our present enjoyment of things temporal; and when the mind is in any way disturbed, it cannot look forward with the same clearness to that happiness which all true Christians hope to inherit through their crucified Saviour.

April 18th.

HERE ends my Brighton season. There is nothing here I quit with more regret than Mr. A—'s Chapel, where I really have heard so much good doctrine, so seriously and piously enforced, that I trust I must have benefited by it. We have been here nineteen weeks, I have enjoyed perfect health and happiness, and cannot go without pain, though to return home is always delightful.

October 6th.

A LIFE of dissipation is much to be regretted on many accounts. It leads to no good; it gives a distaste to home and tranquil pleasures; it leads to the expense of time and money, which might be so much better disposed of; it prevents all cultivation of mind. *** has just put me on recollecting the days of my youth. She is anxious to know if flirtation was not then the order of the day, as it is now. I assure her

my spirits and cheer my heart to its highest pitch of joy, however sunk by weakness and feebleness. They raise me in idea to that state where all will be peace and joy. But, without any special testimony of more than common goodwill, the every-day concerns of life, when passed with those we love best, have an interest in them, which does not so much belong to the events as to the society. To be able to add to the comfort and happiness of any human being, but especially of those dearest to us, what a blessing it is to our own hearts! To study God's works, to admire the beauty and wisdom of Creation, and to consider that we are ourselves the objects of so much beauty and wisdom, how cheering and consoling the thought! To look forward, and to believe that, however this frail body we are now clothed in is fading and turning to decay, yet that we are approaching a state of perfection such as we never could have reached here; when all those joys which cheer us now will have so much more power over our existence; when God's love to us, and our's to Him, will be more deeply felt; when the affection we feel for each other will be enhanced by the absence of all faults and failings; when our minds will be so much more capable of appre-

ciating the wisdom and beauty of all God's works ; when our tempers will be without fault, our minds without reproach ; when every trouble and sorrow that now assail us will be dispersed : How elevating is such a prospect ; and if properly indulged in, how capable of softening every present evil ? But little evils are too apt to oppress and subdue us ; the connection between body and mind is so close, that unless much pains be taken to strengthen the mind and enable it to rise above present cares, it will sink, when the body is feeble or disabled.

Whenever we turn to God in truth and sincerity, in meekness and piety, we are sure to receive comfort and strength ; such comfort as the mind most wants, and such strength as will preserve us from sinking. So many are the mercies I have received from God's hands, and so many are those I now feel myself possessed of, that it is fearful to think how undeserving I know myself to be ; but, however undeserving, I have not been unmindful of God's goodness to me ; it has never failed to occupy my thoughts, and fill my heart. To God's mercy I commit myself ; He knows me to be weak, and frail, and selfish ; always in need of pardon for my

we stand in need of check, of warning, of reproof, as much in advanced age as when we were younger. May we ever bear in mind, that our days here are shortening, and that as our pleasures here will lessen, so we must endeavour to fix our hearts and affections more firmly on that life to which we are approaching. To this end, we must think, reflect frequently on the short period that awaits us here, and must endeavour to turn every hour to good account. May we increase in love, in duty and gratitude, and may our conduct testify that our lives are regulated by these feelings! Help us to acquire that meekness and humility which are indispensable to the true follower of Christ! Help us, O God, to read our Bible with seriousness, and an earnest desire to profit by all the precepts, parables and commands of our blessed Saviour! Help us to meditate every day more deeply upon that great and wonderful instance of His mercy, which led Him to exchange power, honour and glory, for a life of pain, suffering and disgrace; that He might rescue us from the sufferings due to our faults, our follies and our vices. O gracious Lord, we both deeply feel that thy great goodness deserves from us every effort we can make, to know, to repent and to

'correct our faults. May thy Holy Spirit help us to fulfil this and every duty, and may our efforts be such as become those, who feel they must shortly quit the world they are in, and therefore prepare seriously and in earnest for that which is before them. We pray through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.

Easter Day, April 22, 1832.

MR. — remarked at night, how happy an Easter Day ! I am sure I could say so too, though, not being very well, my mind had not entered so warmly on the subject as it might otherwise have done ; but I greatly enjoyed Mr. Bowdler's Essays, in the evening. . . . It is apparently of God's especial mercy that I do find I grow happier as I grow older ; and unless I deceive myself, this happiness arises in some measure from the near prospect of exchanging this life for another. When I think of the possibility that I may outlive my Husband, then indeed I feel that nothing short of God's good providence could support me under the calamity, or enable me to taste any earthly joy ; but these things are not in our own disposal, and He who disposes them, will do with me as to Him seems best.

July 17, 1832.

I READ so much in books, of the sorrows and miseries of life, of its many cares, its few joys—and I feel myself so surrounded with happiness, pleasure entering at every sense at this season, with friends always kind, with every possible recollection of mercy in the past, and every hope of pardon and assistance before me, I am astonished at the mercy of God, who has been so especially bountiful to me, and very fearful indeed, that I never shall make the return I ought to do of love and gratitude. It is a very poor return, at best ; and mine, I fear, is very imperfect of its kind ; but God has mercy on the repentant Sinner, and compassion for the weak and feeble one.

THE END.

LONDON

Printed by James & Luke G. Hansard & Sons,
near Lincoln's-Inn Fields.